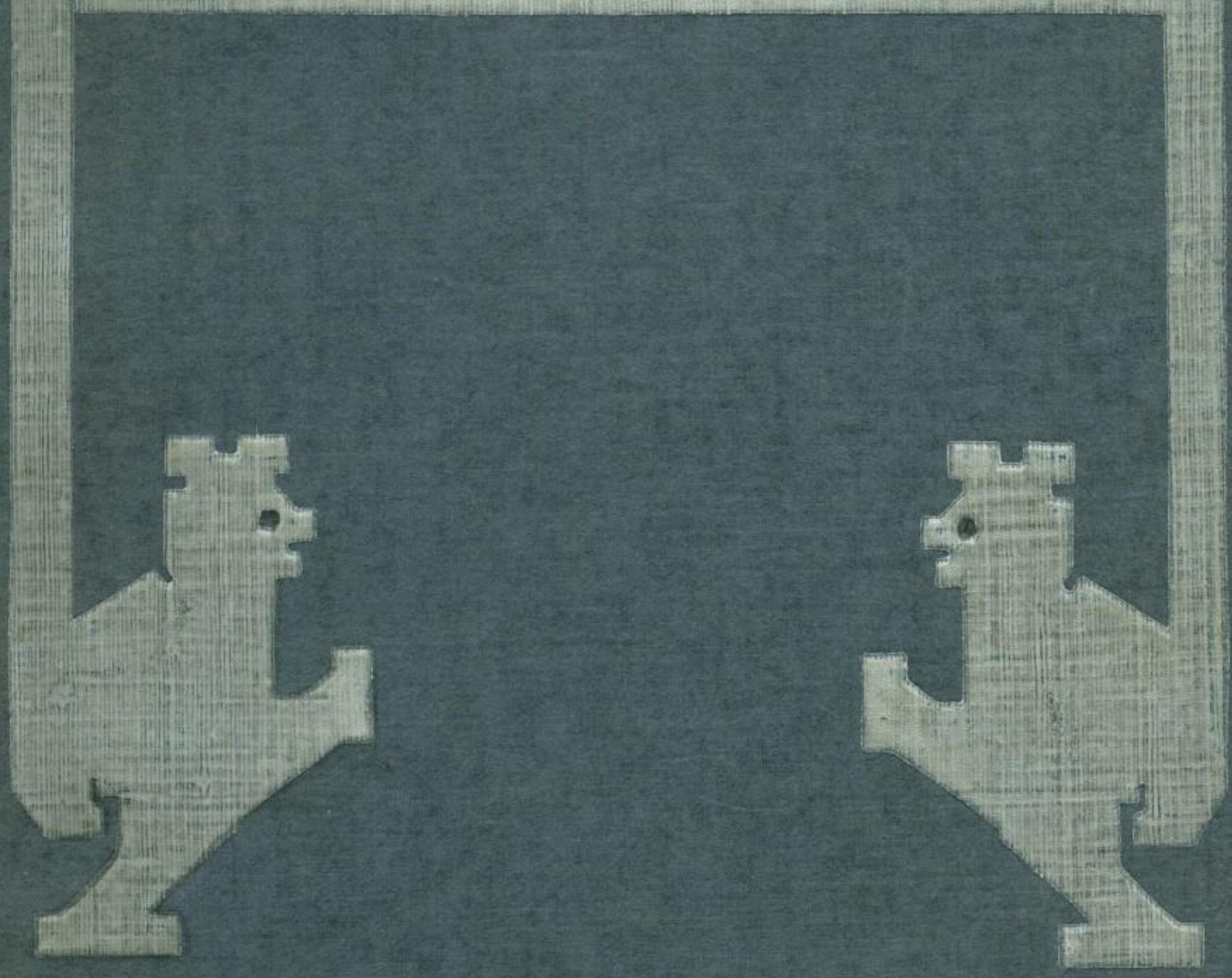
POLARIS



JUNE 1911

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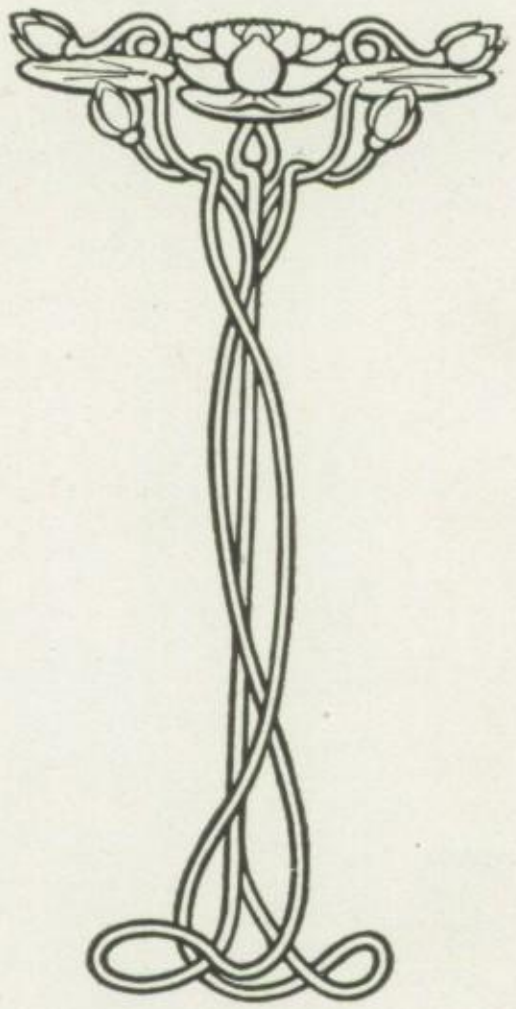
THE POLARIS

VOLUME II



NORTH HIGH SCHOOL

Edited by the June Class
1911

1911
THE ARCHITECT PRESS
MINNEAPOLIS

NORTH HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATION

WE, THE EDITORS, dedicate this second Polaris

TO:

That great unifying force,

That factor which, more than anything else, holds the students of North High together,

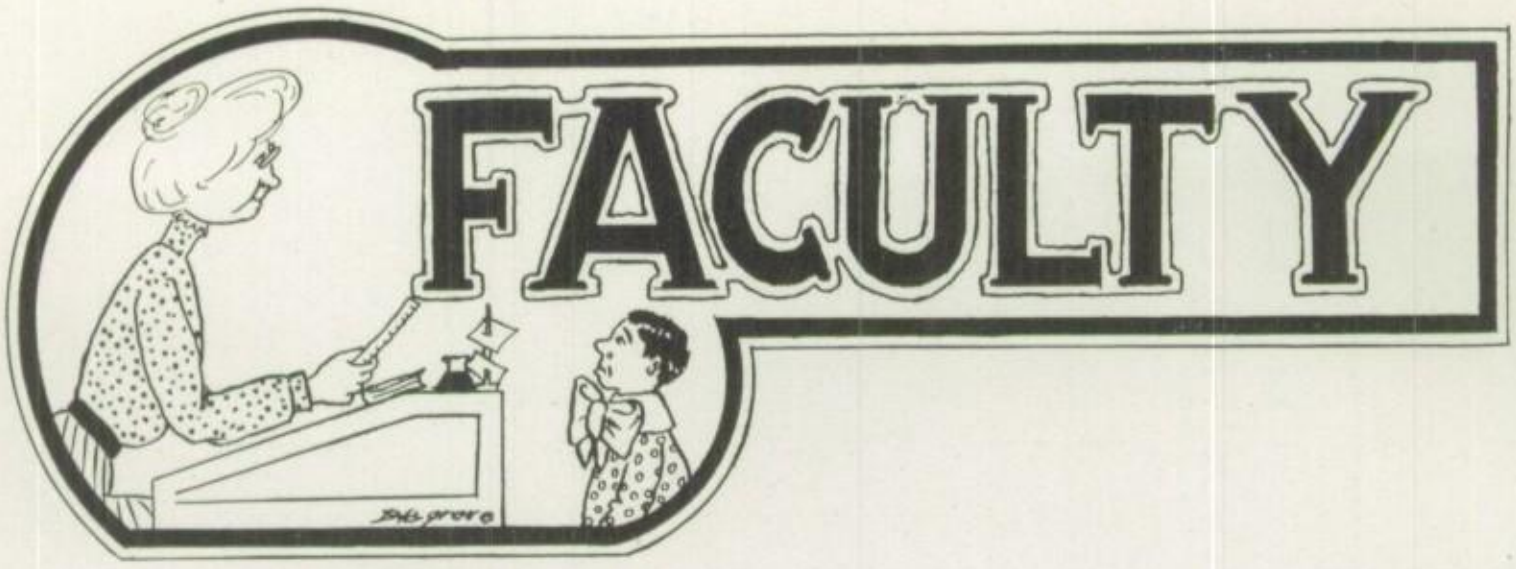
That activity which makes our school days memorable, namely: ATHLETICS.

WALDO WARREN HOBBS
OUR PRINCIPAL

GREETING

With This Second Year Book,
We greet thee.
Give it more than one look,
We entreat thee.
Make a place in your nook,
Where it's worth as a book,
Will not, can not, be mistook.
We salute thee.

Charles Woehler.



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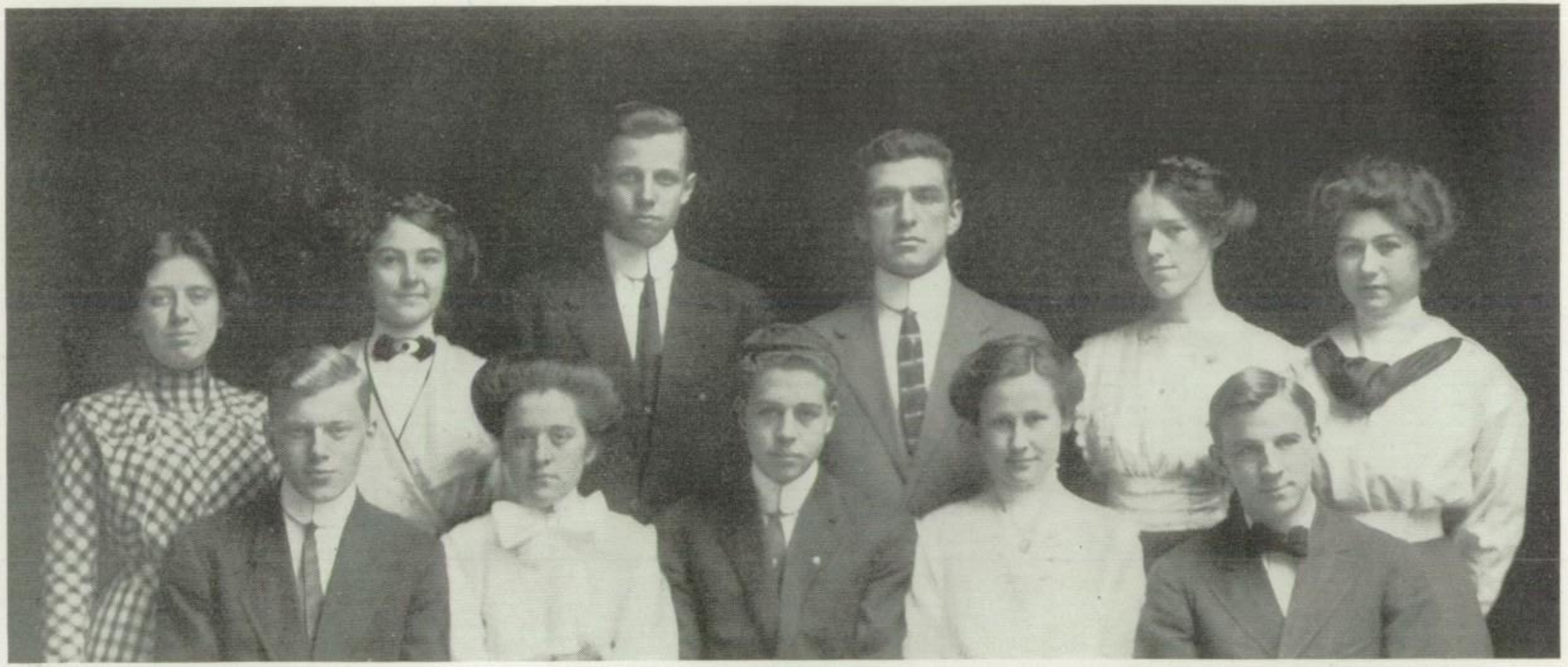

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COLOR

MARJORIE MACLEAN, *Chairman*

MARJORIE MACLEAN

CLASS SONG

Words and Music by Harriet Mae Gongle.

I.

Our High School Days are at an end,
It pains us beyond measure.
The joys and sorrows they will blend,
Those days were full of pleasure.
Though we in distant lands may roam
And hear of other schools so bright,
Our pride and love will be for home
And North High's Blue and White.

II.

And then with all this athletic craze
And high school spreads and dances;
With all the fun we then could raise
Our memory loaded down is.
Our teachers dear we never will forget
Though they urged less of nonsense
And will to us grow closer, dearer yet
As we gain more experience.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, dear old High School days.
Those days were best of all,
For thoughts of you dear North High days,
Fond memories will recall.
Our teachers' efforts seemed in vain,
When we developed brawn and brain.
But all must surely see the gain
Of our High School education.

CLASS MOTTO

"Progrede, non Retrogrede"

CLASS YELL

Walla-Wee,
Walla Weigh,
June Eleven,
North Side High.

CLASS COLORS

Red and White

HONOR STUDENTS

Mary Roycroft Gale
95.10

Mildred Audrey Anderson
93.50

Myrtle Carolyn Alseen
93.28

Isabel Harriet Boyce
92.66

Geneveva Matilda Hagstrom
92.08

Florence Capitola Parsons
91.85

Rosetta Charlotte Weber
91.16

Ione Anna Albrecht
90.67

S is for Studies which Seniors ne'er shirk,
As we toil half the night on our extra work;

E is for the Excellence, we have always attained,
But oft with the result that our eyes have been maimed;

N is for the North High, the name of our school,
Where we always abide by the Golden Rule;

I is for the Instructors, so kind and so jolly,
But who make us all study, without any folly;

O is for zeros of which there are many,
But of course (?) we Seniors ne'er possessed any;

R is for the Reward, which we soon shall receive,
When we on June Seventh, with our diplomas, take leave;

S is for the Seniors, so loyal and true,
To the North High School colors, the white and the blue.

ROSETTA WEBER

JUNE

ALBUM

CHRISTOPHER AASLAND

Logan School
Manual Training Course

"I am small, but I have mighty ways."

HELEN MARGERY ADAMS

Harrison School
English Course
Class Secretary -4

Known to talk for two whole minutes without giggling. Strain too much. Never happened since.

IONE ANNA ALBRECHT

Minot, North Dakota
Latin Course
Honor Student
Picture Committee -4

"A quiet lass; there are but few
Who know the treasure hid in you."

MYRTLE CAROLYN ALSEEN

Harrison School
Latin Course
Honor Student

Fashioned after the noble pattern of school teachers.

MILDRED AUDREY ANDERSON

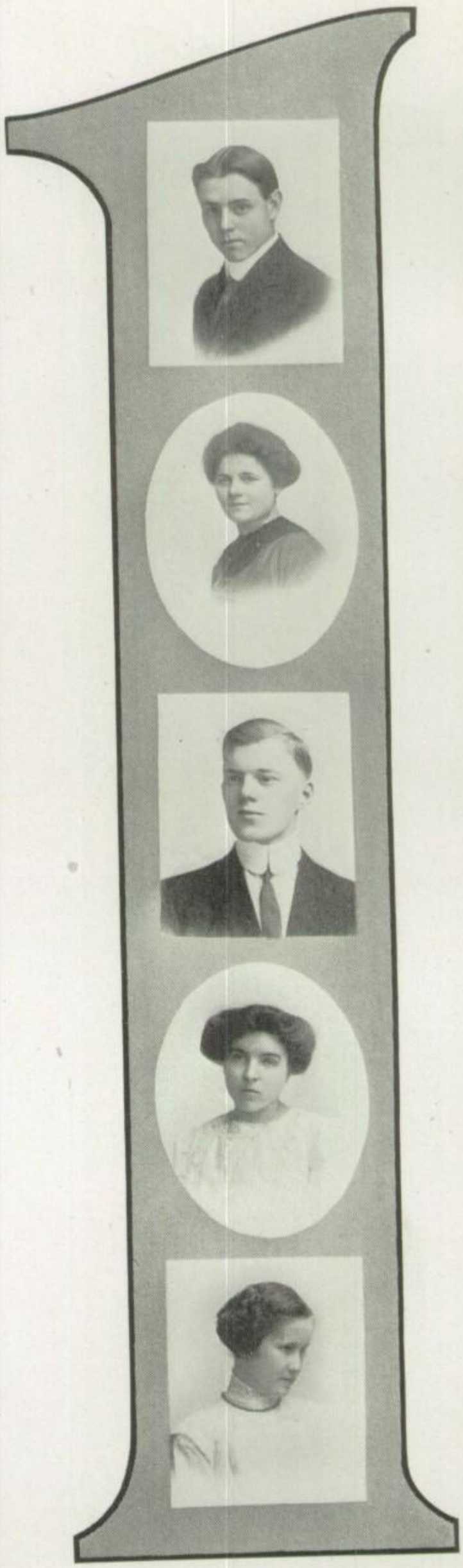
Bremer School
Latin Course
Honor Student

Though all of her classmaters are punk,
Miss Mildred refuses to flunk.

BESSIE PAULEEN BANK

Blaine School
Literary Course
Girls' Glee Club

Nice young thing, never had a crush.



LELAND HARTLEY BARKER

West Racine, Wisconsin
Latin Course
Picture Committee -4

"Graced with the power of words."

HILDUR BERGMAN

Bremer School
Latin Course

"Gentle of speech."

JOHN EARLE BLAGROVE

Blaine School
Manual Training Course
Staff Cartoonist, "Polaris" -4

One vast, substantial smile.

ANNA MARY BOWER

Lincoln School
Latin Course
Girls' Glee Club

————! ?

ISABEL HARRIET BOYCE

Harrison School
Latin Course
Honor Student
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Junior Ball Committee -3
Class Debating Team -4
Social Committee -4
Social Editor, "Polaris" -4

"Neat, sweet, handsome, and fair,
She's a daisy, the boys all declare."

ALFRED CHARLES BROWN

Blaine School
Manual Training Course

Mama's own Wootsey Squidlums.

ETHEL LAVINIA BUCKLIN

Logan School
Commercial Course

Nobody will say anything, except that she is nice.

MARCELLA LENORE BUTLER

Ascension School
English Course

There is a certain something in her looks, a certain scholarlike and studious something.

AGNES ELVERA CARLSON

Bremer School
English Course

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet as love's young dream."

DORA COHEN

Logan School
Commercial Course

"Fair without, and faithful within."

IRENE ELIZABETH COLAHAN

St. Peter, Minnesota
Latin Course

Irene ruffles and flutters a bit when she gets excited, but what comes out is good.

WAYNE JOHN COLAHAN

St. Peter, Minnesota
English Course

"A quiet, chubby, little boy."

EUGENE L. CONOVER

Maple Plain, Minnesota
English Course

"I leave big foot-prints in the sands of time."

JOHN CORNELIUS

Roberts, Wisconsin
Manual Training Course

Just as harmless as he looks.

HARRIETT CECILIA CURREN

Lincoln School
Literary Course

She works when she works and she always works in history.

VIRGINIA DAHLBERG

Minnetonka School
Literary Course

"When there's a picture in the watch, there's a woman in the case."

BEULAH IONE DEPUE

Harrison School
Latin Course
Pin Committee -4

"Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.
Overcome with fear that we
Would slam, so we refrain."

LILLIAN MARY DUNN

Ascension School
Latin Course

Very small, but well "Dunn."

EVA BELLE DUNNING

Hamilton School
Latin Course

"Point her out some day to me."

DAVE EISENBERG

Sumner School
Literary Course
Motto Committee -4

A lady-like, modest little man. Afraid of the weaker sex.

CHARLES RAYMOND ENNIS

Bremer School
Commercial Course
Boys' Glee Club
Floral Committee -4

"The world knows not its greatest men." He didn't want to be an Honor Student.

CLARA A. ERDMANN

Blaine School
Manual Training Course

"So sweet of temper that the very stars shine soft upon her."

FREDERICK CHESTER FARR

Fort Anne Union School, N. Y.
Manual Training Course

Business is picking up.

ESTHER CATHERINE FOSSOM

Harrison School
Latin Course
Chairman Motto Committee -4

Even her best friends can't slam her.

HELEN TILLIE FREED

Blaine School
Commercial Course

"A sweet infant and earnest student."
"So young a body with so old a head."

INGA ELIZABETH FROBERG

Bremer School
Latin Course
Announcement Committee -4

"A straight mind that envies not."

MARY ROYCROFT GALE

Harrison School
Latin Course
Honor Student
Yell Committee -4

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

RUSSELL C. GAYLORD

Logan School
Latin Course

"I am not of the roll of common men."

JOHN JOSEPH GILL

Ascension School
Manual Training Course
Class Business Manager -4

"Who ever wants a faultless piece to see,
First look on other men, then at me."

HARRIETT MAE GONGLE

Bremer School
Literary Course
Girls' Glee Club
Social Committee -4
Chairman Decoration Committee -4
Music Editor, "Polaris" -4

"I've taken all knowledge to be my province—I'm going to do everything."

WALTER S. GRAVES

Logan School
English Course
Orchestra
Chairman Announcement Com. -4

"If you want a friend that's true, I'm on your list."

RALPH HAGEN

Logan School
Manual Training Course

He's very accommodating especially to the girls if they are—well—pretty.

GENEVEVA MATILDA HAGSTROM

Logan School
Latin Course
Honor Student
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Chairman Yell Committee -4
Literary Editor, "Polaris" -4

"Her looks a sprightly mind disclose."

MILTON HALEY

Harrison School
English Course
Boys' Glee Club

Don't know what to call him, but he's mighty like a rose.

RUTH FRANCES HALLORAN

Harrison School
Manual Training Course
Chairman Picture Committee -4

Clever with bow and arrow.

WALLACE EARLE HAMILTON

Lowell School
Manual Training Course
Board of Control
Hockey Manager -3-4
Football "N" -3-4
Hockey "N" -3
Track "N" -3-4
Class President -4

"True as the dial to the sun.
Like a coyote he ran his distance."

ORA A. HAMMOND

Blaine School
English Course

"Within this brow so rich and deep,
Many good thoughts are still asleep."

ASA CARL HANSON

Hamilton School
English Course
Decoration Committee -4

La Fleur de Camden.

ROLF PETER JOHN HARTIG

Logan School
Latin Course
Class Debating Team -2

He would shy at a Marcelle Wave.

SARAH CATHERINE HIGGINS

Harrison School
Latin Course
Decoration Committee -4

Begged off on a slam. We were gentle. We left it out. If you wish to know what it is, ask her.

CLARA GERTRUDE HINDS

Logan School
Latin Course
Secretary Literary Society -2-3
Treasurer Literary Society -4
Class Debating Team -1-4
Chairman Social Committee -4

"We cannot all do everything."

ARTHUR WILLIAM HOAGLAND

Logan School
Latin Course
President Literary Society -2
Class Debate Team -1
Debating Team -3-4
Hockey "N" -3-4
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Junior Ball Committee -3
Chairman Class Day Committee -4
Managing Editor, "Polaris" -4

The time has come now, Arthur says,
To talk of many things;
Of Auto-cars and Country strolls,
Refreshment booths and rings.

GERTRUDE BEAULAH HURWITZ

Blaine School
Commercial Course

"A friend as a friend should be."

ALICE HANNAH JOHNSON

Lincoln School
Commercial Course

"With hair like sunshine and a heart like gold."

DOROTHY ELIZABETH KRAFT

Logan School
English Course

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

OLE LEE

Freer Grade School
English Course

"'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired."

MAY ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON

Hamilton School
Commercial Course

"As I live, one of promising presence."

SARAH LOSS

Blaine School
Latin Course

Not much talk. A great, sweet silence.

NORA HELEN LUND

Bremer School
Latin Course
Class Debating Team -2
Floral Committee -4
Announcement Committee -4

Nora Lund speaks when she is spoken to,
And never tires one with talk as some are wont to do.

MARJORIE MACLEAN

Bremer School
English Course
Chairman Color Committee -4

"I talk half the time to find out my own thoughts."

HELEN ELIZABETH MCCASLIN

Logan School
Latin Course

"Cheerfulness doeth as much good as medicine."

ANNA MARCUS

Medford, Wisconsin
English Course

She needs no eulogy, but speaks for herself.

HERMAN P. MEDER

Blaine School
English Course

All great literary men are shy.

ARTHUR MELTZER

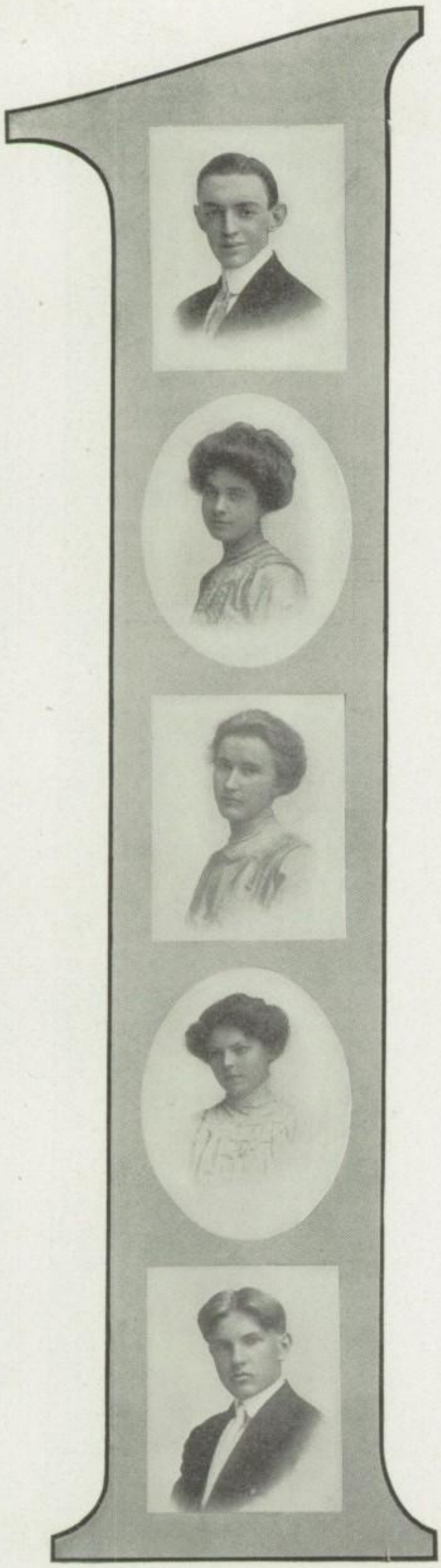
Blaine School
Manual Training Course

Art Meltzer is unmoved by smiles and curls,
He pays what he owes, but no attention to girls.

JANET MILLER

Central School, Dayton, Ohio
Latin Course

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."



CHARLES EDMUND MORRISON

Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Latin Course
Social Committee -4

You can tell what kind of wheels he has in his head, by the spokes that come out of his mouth.

HAZEL LETICIA MORTIMER

St. Catherines, St. Paul
English Course
Junior Ball Committee -3
Class Vice-President -4

"She is pretty to walk with,
She is witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think upon."

DOROTHY MAY MUNRO

Bremer School
English Course

A maiden never bold of spirit, quiet in manner and welcome everywhere.

ANNA ELIZABETH NELSON

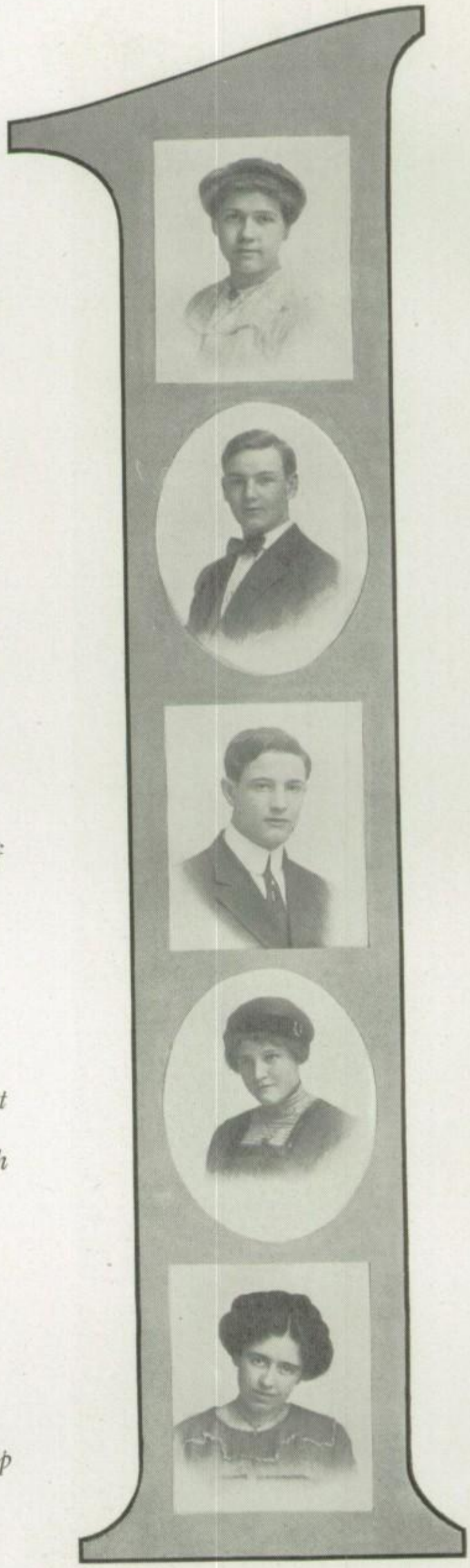
Bremer School
Commercial Course

"Blessed with plain reason and common sense."

JULIUS S. NELSON

Bremer School
English Course

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."



LOLA GERTRUDE NEWELL

Clearwater, Minnesota
Latin Course

"I have within myself much that pleases me. How I should hate to be homely."

WALTER A. NORDBY

Logan School
English Course

"I have joined the ranks of the History sharks."

RYMAL OLEISKY

Logan School
English Course

"The less of routine, the more of life."

MABEL A. OLSON

Bremer School
Commercial Course

"Her modest looks, the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as a primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

FLORENCE CAPITOLA PARSONS

Pleasant Grove, Mankato
Latin Course
Honor Student
Motto Committee -4
Secretary, "Polaris" -4

A large amount of dignity done up in a "small" package.

WINIFRED CORNELIA PARSONS

Pleasant Grove, Mankato
Latin Course
Social Committee -4

Her one desire is to Win-a-Fred some day.

OSCAR EDWARD PEDERSON

Bremer School
Latin Course

The only comfort of my life,
Is that I never had a wife.

HARRY ARTHUR PERLICH

Franklin School
Manual Training Course
Orchestra
Social Committee -4
Business Manager, "Polaris" -4

Whence is thy learning?
Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?

JOSEPH HERMAN PERSON

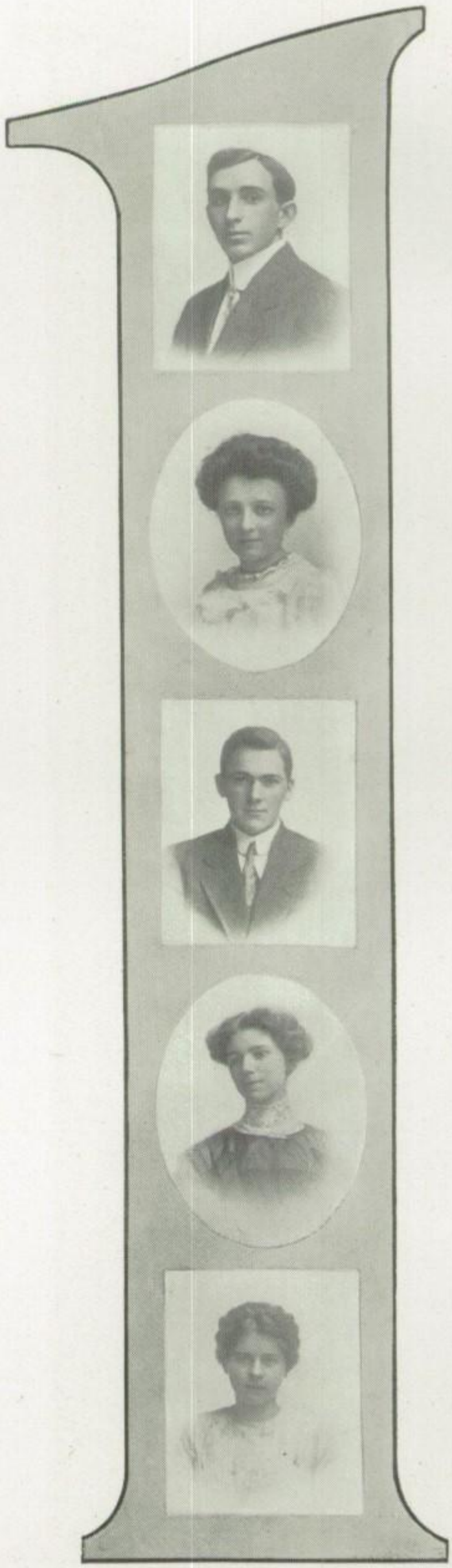
Emerson School
Latin Course
Vice-President Literary Society -3
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Class Treasurer -4

"Pay up or let me know why."

IRENE MADELINE PIERCE

Ascension School
Literary Course
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Class Sergeant-at-Arms -4
Humor Editor, "Polaris" -4

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."



ROBERT ALONSON PORTER

Lowell School
Commercial Course
Class Day Committee -4

"I have immortal longings in me."

ERMA L. POWELL

Lincoln School
Literary Course

"Quality, not quantity,
But just the same she is always there."

PLUMMER PIERCE PURDHAM

Brooklin Center School
Manual Training Course
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Decoration Committee -4

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."

ELSA CHRISTENE RADDE

Logan School
Latin Course

"Her voice is soft and sweet, an excellent thing in women."

FLORENCE ELIZABETH RICE

Ascension School
English Course

Who can express thee, though all can approve thee?

KATHERINE ADA RICHARD

Bremer School
Latin Course

"You have deserved high commendation through applause and love."

HELEN JOHANNA ROLL

Bremer School
Commercial Course

Peaceful, studious, quiet.

HYMAN BARTON ROSENBERG

Harrison School
Manual Training Course

Alias, "Dick Broadhurst," offices, opposite Court House. Hours, any evening from Monday to Sunday.

WALTER GEORGE CLARENCE SAHR

Garfield School
English Course

"A wit of the very first line."

BERTHA B. SAXE

Sumner School
Latin Course

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

LLOYD LOREN SCHRYVER

Downers Grove, Ill.
English Course

You can't be in love and a shark at the same time.

MABEL MARIE SMITH

Grant School
Commercial Course
Pin Committee -4

"None knew thee, but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

HERMAN MONEY SOLOWAY

Logan School
Latin Course
Treasurer Literary Society -2
Football "N" -4
Representative, "Polaris" -3
Yell Committee -4
Athletic Editor, "Polaris" -4

Is that a freight train going by?
No, its Soloway in the Hall.

JENNIE MAE THOMAS

Monterey, Mexico
Latin Course

From tip to toe, as sweet a maid as careful mother e'er arrayed for church on Sunday morning.

GLADYS L. THOMPSON

Logan School
Literary Course
Chairman Floral Committee -4

A soul as white as new fallen snow.

MARGARET WADE TUTTLE

Joliet, Illinois
Literary Course
Decoration Committee -4
Art Editor, "Polaris" -4

"Her voice is sweet, her style is neat."

JEANNE MARIE WATTS

Holmes School
Literary Course
Class Debating Team -3
Debating Team -4
Class Day Committee -4

Call her Jennie and see what happens.

ROSETTA CHARLOTTE WEBER

Bremer School
Latin Course
Honor Student

Once a shark, always a shark.

CHARLES GEORGE WOEHLER

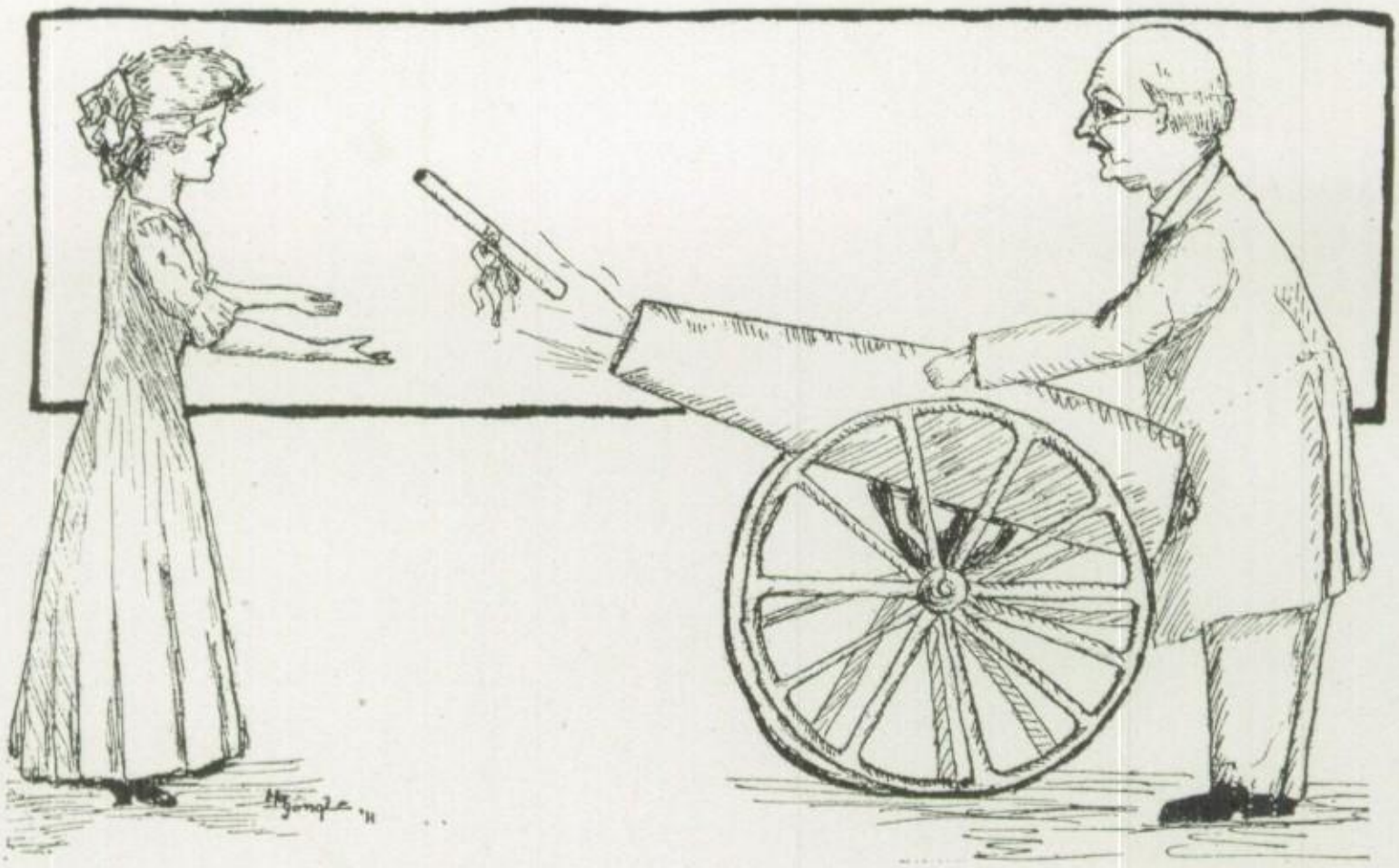
Hamilton School
Manual Training Course
Board of Control
Secretary -3
Baseball Manager -4
Hockey "N" -4
Junior Ball Committee -3
Vice-Pres. North High Club
Social Committee -4
Rooter King -2, 3, 4
Editor-in-Chief, "Polaris" -4

He has ways, and waves,
That take with the maids.

DONALD ORR WRIGHT

Lincoln School
English Course
Vice-Pres. Athletic Association -2
Hockey "N" -4
Junior Ball Committee -3
Boys' Glee Club
Chairman Pin Committee -4

"I am not like some men, ashamed to confess my ignorance, when I do not know."



CLASS HISTORY

After having been harassed for eight long years by the various struggles of our early schooling, we declared war against our future High School career. About three hundred strong and stalwart soldiers from the different schools of the North Side assembled one day, at the call of the Commander-in-chief, Dr. C. M. Jordan, and decided to march against the foe.

So in the fall of 1907 we collected all our recruits and laid plans for our coming campaign. Some of our number battled with Latin, some with English, and still others with Penmanship and Spelling. The first year was spent mostly in becoming familiar with military tactics, but at the end, we were nearly all rewarded by securing eight credits and being allowed to enter the Sophomore class.

Although several of our men had been killed by the hardships of the previous year, we again valiantly advanced against the foe, and even sent out some raw recruits to do battle in a side campaign. Arthur Hoaglund was leader of the force and won a great oratorical victory. One of the great struggles of the year was against "Cæsar" and although there were mangled and bloody corpses strewn around, we had a glorious victory and celebrated the great event by a picnic at Big Island Park in which the whole army participated.

After a three months' furlough, we again responded to roll call. There we found to our great grief, that our numbers were much depleted. Some had been slain, some had deserted the ranks, while others had suffered the pangs of degradation. Once during the year friends and enemies bivouacked in the Masonic Hall and exchanged dances under a flag of truce. On a notable night—a snowy one—

we assembled at Captain Morrison's headquarters, and formed plans for a future siege, and more fun.

While we were still in camp, the army was entertained at an informal Masquerade Ball. It is needless to say that the notables of the earth were gathered here, judging by the elaborate costumes which were worn.

During the third year in service we had a skirmish with a Hockey Team. Through the skill and bravery of Captain Hamilton and General Hoaglund we gained a great victory. In honor of this victory Captain Hamilton gave the entire army a party and then we broke camp for the third time.

With twenty-four credits in our possession and a firm determination to win the victory—graduation—we gathered together the ninety-six survivors of our noble three hundred for the final struggle. Before any definite advances had been made, however, we had a last sweet meeting at a Marshmallow Roast under the direction of Colonels Bliss and Link.

Afterward we encountered the enemy in several minor skirmishes and then the army assembled at Sergeant Pierce's tent to recuperate. Our next move was to appoint a permanent staff for the last campaign, and the following were chosen.

Commander-in-Chief ..... Wallace Hamilton
Aide-de-Camp ..... Hazel Mortimer
Paymaster ..... Joseph Person
Secretary ..... Helen Adams
Quartermaster ..... John Gill
Sergeant ..... Irene Pierce

The Senior Informal was given in commemoration of this event under the guidance of Major Mann.

General Hamilton and Colonel Soloway, by their encouragement, led us on to a glorious victory and obtained the football championship. As a result Corporal Miller entertained the heroes and their friends at a reception.

Another battalion under Lieutenants Wright, Woehler and Hoaglund almost won (1) fame and renown in hockey. Soon after this Lieutenant Hoaglund held a pleasant reunion for his comrades at his headquarters.

This was the last gathering for some time, as a brigade of our number was chosen to attack the famous 1911 "Polaris." We laid siege at once, and shall expect a complete surrender on April twenty-first, when all our ammunition will be spent. How thoroughly we have conquered our foes will be seen on May fifteenth, when the "Polaris" is issued. The last *great battle* will be fought on June the seventh. It will be a night attack where we expect to have our diplomas surrendered to us and then we shall be free.

Isabel H. Boyce
Herman M. Soloway

The Big "4".
"Bud"
Some Fish.
"HAM"
A Grind?

THE POLARIS CALENDAR

Being the Chronicles, known and unknown,
of a delirious year at North High.
Thrown together without
much thought of the
consequences.

This dope was
written by the Editors,
in the hope that it might brighten
one fleeting moment in the future, while
looking over the history of the last year at North
High. This Calendar is not supposed to be serious.

1910

Sept. 6. School opens. Freshies seen staring at Bulletin Board before ascending to the Higher Places, nearing the Attic.

Sept. 12. Football Practice begins. "Doc" Burgan, coach.

Sept. 29. Class of June 1911 holds party at home of Irene Pierce. "Oh you Joy Riders."

Oct. 3. Wallace Hamilton elected Football Captain for 1910.

Oct. 6. Class of June 1911 elects class officers. The "Ham" was passed with a "Gill" of ale, and also some "Pears-on" a plate. The repast was served by the Misses Adams and Mortimer. Who let that Pierce(ing) scream loose?

Oct. 7. West 6, North 0. It looked like a bad start, but the defective playing was soon remedied.

Oct. 15. Team goes to Faribault and trims the Shads to the tune of 6 to 0. Prospects look brighter. We wonder where Pederson went after the train pulled in?

Oct. 25. West High forfeits game making score, North 1, West 0.

Oct. 29. Rah! Rah! Rah! Kistler! North 6, Central 2. The Championship now looks possible.

Oct. 31. Something new! Our Principal institutes the 7th and 8th periods for those who adhere to the minus mark. Our Football Captain and Rooter King were seen in German class during these periods. We wonder if it helped?

Nov. 5. North 15, East 0. Wow! It looks like clear sailing now, all right.

Nov. 11. At last. North 6, South 6.

Here's to the toe of Hamilton,
Which won for the Blue and White.
May his toe always be ready,
When he's in the thick of the fight.

This quite expresses the subject in hand, as "Ham" stove off defeat by two well directed place kicks and would have sent the winner over in another scrim-

mage. Such yelling? Woehler had the crowd crazy by his antics at this game; while both he and the crowd had lost their wind when the whistle blew. Later in the evening the team celebrated the winning of the Championship with a Box Party at the Metropolitan. Soloway couldn't leave the girls alone.

Nov. 18. Class of June, 1911, gives Informal at Mrs. Noble's Hall. It swelled the treasury and now Joe is happy.

Dec. 6. First Football "Feed" to Team given by Chas. Woehler at his home. Who owned the bottle?

Dec. 9. Athletic Election. Is everybody happy? Later. Class of June, 1911, give Party at Scofield's Hall.

Dec. 15. Debate—North High takes the affirmative against West. The judges must have been asleep or joking for they decided as follows: North, 1; West, 2.

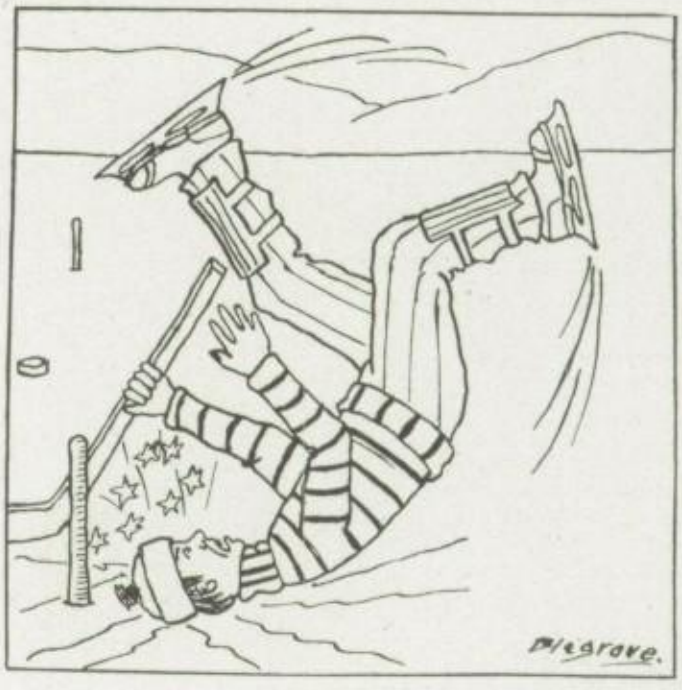
Dec. 16. Junior Ball. Call a "Taxi." "Nuff said."

Dec. 16. Christmas Vacation begins.

1911

Jan. 3. School begins again. O! Happy days. (?)

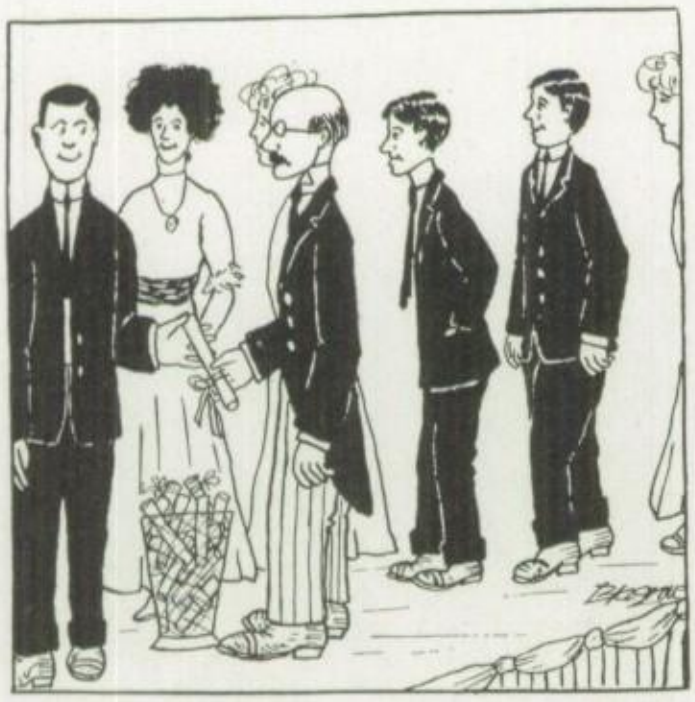
Jan. 4. Hockey practice begins.



Jan. 6. Hockey. North, 1; East, 6. Woehler the hero of the day. He stood on his head and shot a goal.

Jan. 13. Hockey. North, 0; West, 5. No Knocking, please.

Jan. 16. Athletic Concert for benefit of sweater fund. Football Letters presented to team.



Jan. 17. Manager Meyer and his Track Team begin training.

Jan. 20. Hockey. North, 0; Central, 3. Some improvement shown. Later. Class of June, 1911, gives sleigh ride and dance at Scofield's Hall.

Jan. 26. Commencement. Class of January, 1911, receive diplomas.

Jan. 27. Hockey. North, 0; East, 4. Worse.

Feb. 3. Hockey. North, 0; West, 6. Worse and worse and more of it.

Feb. 3. Debate. North, affirmative, against South, negative. Judges—wide-awake, keen, progressive men—unanimous decision for North.

Feb. 10. Hockey. North, 0; Central, 4. Good team work. They played through the entire season with only one blot on their escutcheon.

Later. Class of June, 1911, gives party at the home of Janet Miller. A fine time—sentiment of all. The feature of the evening was the Jack and Jill stunt by two of us.

Feb. 18. "Doc." Burgan gives banquet to football team at Donaldson's Tea Rooms. A big time had by all.

Feb. 24. Debate. Central vs. North. Two to one in favor of North. One judge asleep as usual.

Feb. 28. Polaris Board appointed. Something doing! Class selects pictures and Soloway presents a scheme which was put on ice to cool off.

Mar. 8. Election of officers for Class of January, 1912.

Mar. 10. Debate between North and East scheduled for this date, but East forfeits and ties North and West up for the Championship.

Mar. 11. Class of January, 1912, gives party.

Mar. 16. Oscar tries to open the window and Ione laughed.

Mar. 22. Baseball Managers meet and arrange schedule.

Mar. 24. Class of June, 1911, gives party at home of Arthur Hoaglund. Some of the class awoke and had a good time. The others were doubtful. We wish for more parties of that kind.

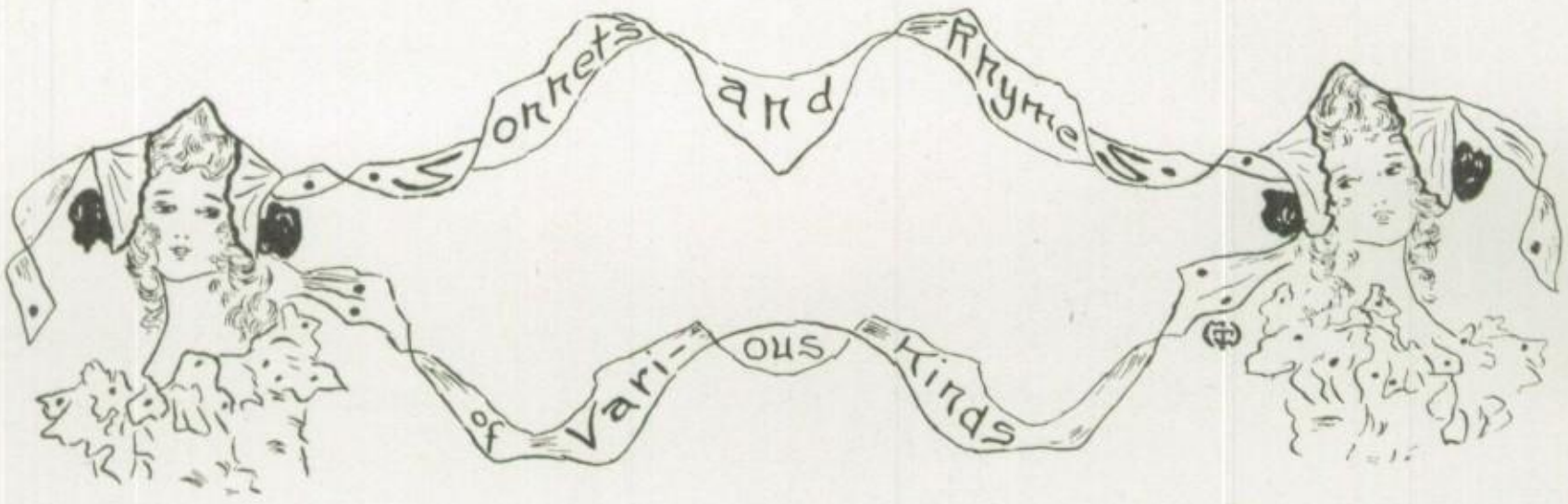
Class of June, 1912, also have party at Durham's Hall. They fully demonstrated that they are progressive. Their decorations, consisting of Blue and White bunting and High School banners have not been equaled for several years. Meyer and Halloran enjoyed themselves by playing smear.

April 7. Easter Vacation begins.

April. 10. Baseball Practice under Coach Breckheimer begins. Plenty of material from which to pick a championship team.

April 17. School opens again with everybody chipper. Yes, yes, indeed!

April 18. "Polaris" goes to press. Annual Board celebrates.



THE SONG OF THE AUTO

I swoop around a sudden turn,
  I make a careless sally,
And feel not the least concern,
  Go zipping through an alley.

Past thirty cops I hurry down,
  I bump o'er ruts and ridges;
I scatter havoc through the town,
  And flash across the bridges.

I see the red lights warning glow,
  But do I heed it? Never.
For men may come and men may go,
  But I tear on forever.

I rattle over stony ways,
  I crash through traffic's jumble,
And end their troubles and their days,
  Who hesitate or stumble.

With many a curve I somehow, get
  Around the drays and 'busses,
And do not stop to feel regret,
  Because some teamster cusses.

I hurry, hurry, crouching low;
  I try to jump the river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I tear on forever.

I flash about and in and out,
A thousand dangers daring;
I hear the mad policeman shout,
But have no time for caring.

And here and there, I gladly break
A speeding streetcar's fender.
I never hesitate to take
A chance however slender.

I lay old men and children low,
I make the horses quiver,
For men may come and men may go,
But I zip on forever.

I tear through lawns and grassy plots,
I crash through leafy covers,
I crush the sweet forget-me-nots
And cripple happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I skid, I glance,
I scorn the bumps and hollows,
I sound a toot and take a chance,
Too gay to care what follows.

I travel under moon and stars
In many wildernesses;
I soon shall be behind the bars,
And there get no caresses.

The public wants me squelched, I know;
But do I mind it? Never.
For men may come and men may go,
But I crash on forever.

(With full apologies to Tennyson.)

RAY PETTENGILL.

I started an ode but it ended a ballad,
The thought of that poem makes my cheeks almost pallid.
I fear that another would end just the same,
So now I will close by just signing my name.

LILLIAN DUNN.

"OUR GYM"

Within a goblet, rich and deep
I cradle all my woes to sleep,
And to the world of Fancy realms,
Divert my brain in pleasant dreams.

To lay all worldly "ifs" aside
And high in Fancyland to ride.
To get each pleasure and each whim
And build for North a brand new "Gym."

Upon "Imagination's" plate,
Are laid the plans prepared in state,
By elves who wander close to earth,
Return, to make the plans of worth.

The prints of plans, both white and blue,
Held future pleasures grand and true,
But none I saw, as I cast a sigh—
"Slight hopes indeed for North Side High."

But then a fairy cried out, "Miss,
Step forward and just look at this."
And thereupon a tiny plan,
A baby "Gym," my eyes did scan.

With dumb-bells, ladders, basket-balls,
Electric lights and waxed halls,
With tanks, trapeze and bags to punch,
And just downstairs a place to lunch.

With Indian Clubs and Parallel Bars,
With "horses" to ride way up to Mars,
With boxing, fencing to choose or pick.
Said elf to me, "Is this not chic?"

My surprise to hide I did not try,
"All this," said he, "for North Side High,
When elves from fancy-land are free,
There'll be something doing down there, you'll see."

A "gym" for North, I now could see,
Every nail and board that was to be,
As radiantly my face did beam.
I jumped right up, 'twas but a dream.

IRENE M. PIERCE.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CRUSH

The high school girl has lots to do,
She studies hard and makes friends, too.
The whole day long she's on a tear,
She's always wondering what to wear,
Or else, "Oh, girls, I've such a case,
I never saw a nobler face!
Now hasn't he dark dreaming eyes
And splendid taste in choosing ties!"
Then soon she wears a "class" pin small;
He takes her to the Junior Ball.
A month—the case is of the past,
For "High School Crushes" never last!

TO THE "PONY"

A pony is the greatest thing
To give a person tone,
I often very truly wish
I had one of my own.

He lightens all the passages
Along the weary way,
And his owner rides him thankfully
Almost every day.

So here's to the dear dog-eared pony,
Oh! long may he live;
And, to the poor struggling students,
An abundance of assistance give.

ISABEL BOYCE.

After the game is over,
After the coast is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
And help me find my ear.

THEOREM

If Clydie meet Mable
  At Reference Work,
Then Clyde will cause Mable
  Her lesson to shirk.

DATA.

Our heroine Mable,
  Our love-maker Clyde;
One Reference Table,
  Two chairs side by side.

TO PROVE.

That Clyde would try fussing
  The coy little maid,
And carelessly mussing
  Her late (?) fashioned braid.

PROOF.

(By Indirect Method.)

If Clyde be a piker
  And just "leave her be,"
Our Data will differ—
  So then, "Q. E. D."

ROLF HARTIG.

A BARGAIN SALE

'Twas in a crowded department store,
The people keep crowding, more and more,
Among the crowd, there is not a male,
And this is because it's a bargain sale.

The women push, the women crowd;
One grabs a bargain—my how proud!
Another one faints—another one screams,
And upon the whole mass the proprietor beams.

Tired and weary each staggers home,
With hats on their ears, and hair that will roam,
And feet that will lag, and skirts that do trail;
But who cares? it was worth it,—the bargain sale.

MARCELLA BUTLER.

A RHYME

We bought a dark red Chancer,
  And worked like busy bees.
We fed on "high flown language,"
  And more puns than we'd please.

We swallowed whole the stanzas,
  That only few could read.
And "superfluous verbiage,"
  Was fun for us, indeed.

We oft learned "mem'ry s'lections,"
  Of almost every kind.
For we as Chancer students,
  Did dearly love to grind.

JOHN CORNELIUS.

A POEM

The teachers and pupils unanimously agree,
That algebra, physics, and geometry
Can never be mastered, unless you will try,
And do not indeed give away with a sigh.

Our English and history we found was no fun,
And Latin and German we soon tried to shun;
But happy the time when the teacher would say—
You may for today, postpone lessons, and play.

Both sorry and merry we were when we cried,
Good-bye to our lessons and dear old North High;
But into the battle of life we must go,
To make more true friends, and to vanquish our foes.

MYRTLE ALSEEN.

A rat—some cheese—a quiet treat—
A cat, 'most famished for want of meat—
A sudden spring—things in a mess—
A happy cat and one rat less.

SARAH LOSS.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COFFEE POT

What a dear old friend a cup of hot coffee is! What a chum to boys and girls after they have been skating and racing up and down on the ice and come into the warmth, all aglow with the cold! What a reliable standby to the housekeeper, who suddenly finds her house full of guests, and what a joy it proves to her when one of her guests exclaims, and indeed with truth, "What delicious coffee."

Perhaps we can look far enough back to remember the time when we were children and had become old enough to have outgrown the "Milky Way," and instead of receiving a glass of milk for breakfast, we were honored with a steaming cup of coffee. What a theme a cup of coffee was for the development of the imagination when we were not considered dignified enough to express our opinions at the table and were forced to remain silent and watch the steam of our coffee vanish into nothingness, or stir the dark boiling depths from whence this vapor arose. Who can tell what the little elfs and gnomes suggested who dwelt in such dark places?

As we grew older we read about the many coffee-houses that were in London during Queen Ann's time and of the men of rank and genius who used to gather around the tables in these coffee-houses, and, while sipping their coffee, expound their ideas and explain their theories. Did not Pope say in his "Rape of the Lock, Coffee, which makes the politician wise and see through all things with his half shut eyes?" Perhaps among our many plans for the future, is a cherished trip to London to visit one of these coffee-houses and to order a cup of coffee and toasted cheese, just as Samuel Jonson did so many years ago.

What a very unwise impression a mother creates in the heart of her daughter when she lets her imagine that to perform the domestic service of making a good cup of coffee and preparing a dainty but substantial lunch for her father when he comes home, tired and worn out, is a commonplace and unnecessary piece of drudgery; that this is the sort of work that lacks dignity, and should be left to the hired help rather than to impress her with the idea that this is the task that is enobling, for it is a service of love—and is capable of calling forth most dainty and artistic ideas. A girl's education should not be considered finished, even though she has received her high school and university diplomas and perhaps spent a year in travel, until she has received the polish of a domestic education.

How much genuine pleasure a young woman misses when she is unable to appreciate the beauty of the lovely puffy masses of a pan of dough from which

she is to bring forth delicious brown biscuits, or, to stand over a pot of coffee, waiting for the final simmer before removing it from the fire. It is true that the study of books develops the minds, but alas! if we are to feed continually on the definitions of prisms and parallelopipeds and the principal parts of verbs, where shall we receive the nourishment to continue this one sided education? Certainly some one must of necessity bestir himself to learn something of the mysteries of the cook-book and the coffee-pot.

When a girl becomes mistress of a home and is able to sit at the head of the table, presiding over the coffee-pot, and talking intelligently on those things which she has learned during her school-course, and which her wider experience has perfected; then it is that one can say that her education has been completed, and then it is that she can listen with pride in her heart to the compliment of her guest, that her "biscuits are delicious, her salad just lovely, and her coffee the best that has ever been tasted," for if this is the complement to her school education, it is the crown of her womanhood.

MYRTLE ALSEEN.

AN UNEXPECTED CHICKEN DINNER

Mr. Brown lived with his wife on a large farm in Mexico. The farm was about three miles from a small town and about a mile away from any other farm. The house was in the midst of a large clump of trees, making it very cool and shady in the summer time. There were only two large rooms in the building and a porch at the back connected the house with a summer kitchen.

It was a bright sunny morning in June and Mrs. Brown was bustling about the kitchen preparing her husband's breakfast while he was out in the yard near the house feeding the chickens. As yet, the chickens had no house because the Browns had only been on the farm a short time and had had little opportunity to arrange things as they wished them. The chickens were of an especially fine breed and both Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown were very proud of them. At night they roosted in a large tree near the house, and up to this time nothing had harmed them. "John," said Mrs. Brown, stepping out on to the porch, "when do you expect to build that chicken coop? I think it is a little dangerous to leave these chickens out all night with no protection. I am sure I heard something prowling about last night and I should hate to lose any of the flock. I have been longing for a chicken dinner for weeks, but I cannot bear to think of killing one of those chickens, and I certainly cannot bear to have anything else kill them."

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, "I know I ought to have built that chicken coop as

soon as we arrived here, but there have been so many things to do that I just haven't had a minute. I may find time to do it tomorrow and I hardly think that anything will happen to them tonight as they have been safe so far."

"Well, perhaps they will be all right," said Mrs. Brown, "but there always has to be a first time, you know."

That night, about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Brown was awakened suddenly and sat up in bed. "What was that?" she asked of Mr. Brown who had also been awakened, "I thought I heard the chickens."

"I will get up and see if there is anything the matter," said her husband. He went to the window and looked out. The chickens seemed to be peaceful enough and he could see nothing about, which might cause a disturbance.

"Everything seems to be all right," he told his wife as he climbed back into bed. Mr. Brown had just dozed off when he was awakened again by a great squawking and cackling among the chickens. He jumped out of bed and snatching his gun from the chair ran to the window and looked out. Just under the tree where the chickens were roosting was a large wild-cat standing over a chicken that had fallen from the roost. Mr. Brown did not dare to shoot through the window for fear of spoiling the screen, but ran to the door and rushed into the yard.

"For mercy sake, put on your shoes at least," called his wife after him, but Mr. Brown did not seem to hear her and kept on running. As soon as the wild cat saw him, it too, started to run, carrying the chicken in its mouth. Mr. Brown forgot all about the gun in his hand, his only purpose seeming to be, to get hold of the wild cat. Just at the edge of the wood the animal seeing it was soon to be caught, dropped the chicken and ran for its life. Mr. Brown picked up the chicken and walked back to the house, and put it in a tub in the kitchen. Mrs. Brown met him at the door with the anxious query, "Which one was it? Did he kill it?" "It was the rooster,' answered the crestfallen husband, "and it is killed."

"Oh, what a shame and he was the best one in the flock," wailed Mrs. Brown, as she looked at the bloody feathers. "But I don't suppose it can be helped," she added philosophically. They went back to bed and were soon sleeping soundly. All of a sudden Mr. Brown felt himself being shaken and heard his wife's voice in his ear, exclaiming: "John, John, he is back again and I am sure he has another chicken." Mr. Brown flung himself from the bed and made for the door. His stride was long, his face set, and the fierceness with which he grabbed his gun, betokened vengeance. Sure enough, the cat was back again and

was making away with another chicken. Mr. Brown again pursued the animal to the edge of the wood (never once thinking that it would be better to try and shoot the animal than to pusue it). Then the wild-cat dropped the chicken and fled into the darkness. This one was dead also, and the master of the house carried it back to the kitchen and put it into the tub with the other one. Mrs. Brown came into the kitchen just then and looked sadly at her dead chickens, then, turned and looked at Mr. Brown; the bedraggled night shirt, the dirty bare feet, the gun which Mr. Brown had never once thought to use, and his countenance like that of a whipped Napoleon, was too much for even this serious occasion and Mrs. Brown laughed till the tears were in her eyes.

"Well," said her husband curtly, "I certainly don't see the funny side of this as you appear to do. What are you laughing at?"

"Look in the glass," answered Mrs. Brown, "If you would see yourself as others see you."

But Mr. Brown did not seem to care about looking at himself in that mood and in that garb and went muttering back to bed, the third time.

The next morning, Mrs. Brown asked her husband what his plans were for the day, and he said rather shortly: "Build a chicken house and then see if I can get a few winks of sleep."

JENNIE THOMAS.

AN ENGINEERING FEAT OF A COMMON ANT

Ants are little things and perhaps insignificant; but he who says they are not intelligent and cannot reason somewhat as human beings do, let him listen to my story:

One afternoon last summer as I lay on the lawn under an oak tree, I noticed a fat caterpillar struggling in a web which was suspended by silken guy ropes from two bushes. The bottom of the web was about three inches from the ground to which it was also made fast by guys. The oak tree spread its lowest branch about four feet from the ground; and extending down from this branch to the web, were two silken threads which were coarser than the delicate threads of which the web itself was spun. I decided these were the spider's roads for entering and leaving his home.

After the caterpillar had struggled awhile in vain, it resigned itself to its fate and lay motionless in the net.

An ant soon chanced to come down the oak tree. It seemed to have no par-

ticular errand, but when it got under the threads of the airy trap it stopped and gazed at the fat worm imprisoned there. The inspection took but a few seconds and the result was plainly a desire to possess the juicy worm.

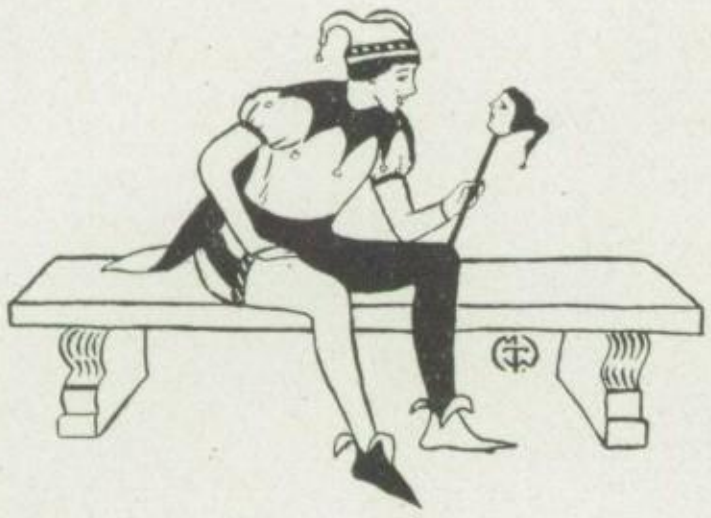
The ant ran frantically to one of the ground stays and climbed toward the captive caterpillar. When it reached the boundary of the spider's net it naused, extended its forelegs, and then evidently discovered that to enter there was to leave hope behind, it rushed to the ground and climbed up one of the shrubs and surveyed the web. It soon decided that the shrub couid not be used as a means of obtaining the worm, and devised a new plan. It nipped the guy ropes which fastened the web to the shrub, did the same to those on the other shrub and also to those which fastened it to the ground. This left the web floating in the air by means of the two threads from the branch above. Then it hurried up the oak tree and descended head first to the web by one of the two remaining threads. When it reached the net it turned about on the strand, fastened its hind legs among the meshes, and began to pull itself upward on the cable with its forefeet.

The ant went on upward, tugging at the mass of web and weight of worm below. Progress was slow, so slow that the ant had raised its burden less than a foot in about ten minutes. Then all of a sudden the caterpillar seemed to awaken to the fact that a new danger threatened it, and it began to squirm and struggle. This caused the cable to sway to and fro, and the web to sway also in such a manner, that the ant, in order to save itself, dropped the web. This seemed to discourage the ant for it ran up and down the strand as if it did not know exactly what to do next. Suddenly, after a few seconds' pause on the strand for consideration, it went quickly up the line to the branch and disappeared.

Two or three minutes passed and I made up my mind that the ant had given up its undertaking, when it appeared once more on the cable, and began to descend. But the most wonderful thing of all was that another ant made its appearance on the other cable, and ran down upon it to the web. They both fastened their hind feet on the web, and working together they drew the worm up to the branch in less than half an hour. From here, perhaps they dragged it to their nest, which I supposed to be somewhere in the tree.

How did the first ant manage to get the second one to help him? He must have gone to the nest and explained the situation. Now, who will say that ants cannot form plans and carry them out?

FLORENCE PARSONS.



WIT AND HUMOR?

If you think our jokes are poor,
And should be on the shelf,
Please remember when you think of this
That you didn't write one yourself.

THE EDITORS.

SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF HIGH SCHOOL

Freshman Year—"The Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore Year—"As You Like It."
Junior Year—"Romeo and Juliet." (That's where it started.)
Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

A JUNIOR THOUGHT

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY TO SEE

Arthur Hoaglund without J. M. W.?
Mary Gale cut up?
Harry Perlich without his rubber collar? (Is this a joke?)
"Bud" Woehler without his marcel?
Herman Soloway without his voice?
Hattie Curren recite Chemistry?
Mr. Aasland with long pants?
Bessie Bank with a bank account?
Inga Froberg with a soiled waist?
Plummer Purdham in a "Harry Mitchell?"
Irene Pierce say something worth while?
Arthur Meltzer use tobacco?
Geneveva Hagstrom grow stout?

HEARD IN THE HALLS

"Have you seen Bye?"—H. M.
"Oh! Teda, hurry up."—R. H.
"Did you bring your dollar?"—J. H. P.
"Get your Football tickets here."—C. G. W.
"No loitering."—W. W. H.
"Hurry up, it's 8.25½."—M. Mc.
"Is that the last bell?"—John G.
"Have you seen Miss Bliss?"—I. M. P.
"Where's Arthur?"—J. M. W.
"You're no friend of mine, writing that poetry."—Jenny T.
"Where's my (art) gum?"—Winifred P.
"Did you slam me in the Annual?"—Sarah H.
"Did you finish your Virgil translation?"—Ione A.
"Where is the money for your 'Cut'?"—Harry P.
"Mercy me, that Davis!"—Hattie C.
"Say, what's in the Annual about me?"—96 Seniors ask every day.
"Who ate my crystal hatpins?"—Harriet G.
"Coises! I've lost my report card."—Plummer P.
"Going to the next class party?"—Gertrude H.
"Let me see your proofs?"—Dorothy K.
"Tee-Hee."—Bessie B.
"Oh, you stop."—Hildur B.

IN CHEMISTRY

Teacher, "What is one of the commercial uses of water?"
Blagrove, "To fish in."

Teacher, "What is the formula of Nitric Oxide?"
Woehler, "A-er-um- O! N O."
Teacher, "That makes NO_2, doesn't it?"

What the Annual Board Could Not Find Out—

What it is Lola Newell won't tell.
Whether Jennie Thomas' father has a quarter gas meter and who pays for it.
Whether anyone ever had a crush on Chas. Woehler.
Whether Donald Wright's folks have an alarm clock.
Whether Joe Person stays out after 7 P. X.
Where "Ducky" Gongle keeps her youthful beauty secret.
Whether Hazel or "Wuffy" ever went home alone.

The definition of perpetual motion has been discovered in Irene Pierce..

LOST

Lost: A reputation. Return to Hockey Team, "Wally Ham," Manager.
Lost: Hoaglund's "stand in" in Latin.
Lost, Strayed, or Stolen: One juicy "Ham" last Saturday night, return to Beulah DePew immediately, as party is known. No questions asked.
Lost: One fern, return to Nordby.
Lost: A set of puffs, return to Hazel Mortimer.
Lost: A bottle of "Krank's," return to "Bud" Woehler.
Lost: Some Humour, return to Humour Editor.
Lost: A mirror. See Alice Johnson for reward.
Lost: A pocketbook minus the contents. Finder may keep contents, when returning to Chester Farr.
Lost: My affinity, Jennie Thomas.
Lost, Strayed, or Stolen: One Pony from my "Stable." Reward. Art Hoaglund.
Lost: My genial smile. John Blagrove.
Lost: My pomp effect. Wayne Colahan.

FOUND

Found: Six bricks of ice cream on John Blagrove at Class Party.
Found: My affinity. Jennie Thomas.
Found: One Motto. Esther Fossom.
Found: One bottle of mucilage. John Gill.
Found: A bunch of laughter. Jeanne Watts.
Found: A struggling Senior. Walter Sahr.
Found: A good place to "Spoon." Ruth Halloran.
Found: Oh joy! A lunch ticket. Rosetta Weber.
Found: A little cozy flat. Sarah Higgins.

"Midst fond recollections,
In memory I see
The darling old Alps
And my sweet Chamois.

ANNA MARCUS.

There was a young lad from Burlogne,
Who thought he could write a good poem,
And when he had ended
He was not offended
When some one said, "Please take it home."

And when it arrived at his home,
From each that had read it—a groan.
Indeed, 'twas a pity
To see such a ditty
Go into the flames all alone.

BERTHA SAXE.

CURRENT EVENTS

"Jeanne" holding in her hands, "Watts" of money, cried, "All this for 'Art's' sake."

"Jennie" with a "Thomas" cat "bob"ing beside her visited the Queen and "Gertes"ied before her.

"Beulah" cried out, "Behind this wall you'll find a ton of 'Ham'."

"Sarah Higgins" shrieked but "Humour" got not the inaudible name.

"Helen" cried out that "Adam(s)" was a "Farmer."

"Eva Dunning" hums "My Hero" constantly.

"Bertha" has "Sacks" of fuzzy rats.

"Marcelle" has "Butler(ed)" a fairy prince.

"Dorothy Kraft" has a "Laura Jean Libby" in St. Paul.

"Lola Newell" hates to tell.

"Hazel" is "Mortified" when he says good-"Bye."

Taking it for gran-"Ted," "Ruth" ran into the hall and shouted, "O! the--odor."

"Janet Miller" is silent yet, but still water runs deep—

And "Isabel" is well supplied. 'Nuff said.

"Irene" with a "Wayne" look upon her face walked up and down the hall with—

"Then this?" asked Arthur, our rejected suitor," is absolutely final?"

"Quite," was the calm reply, "shall I return your letters?"

"Yes, please," answered our young Hero, "there is some very good material in them I can use again."

Ella, "He says that I am the light of his life."

Stella, "That's gas."

What made that break in the conversation at dinner?

Oh! We dropped a subject.

Miss A——, "Have you finished your commencement essay yet?"

Senior Honor Student, "I had, but I read it over to father last night and he understood every sentence. Therefore I have got to rewrite it and put in more words of four syllables and over."

"Here's to a man: He is like a kerosene lamp. He is not over bright. He is often turned down and smokes, and he frequently goes out at night."

IN POLITICAL ECONOMY

"What does it cost to make the best matches?"
"I mean diamond matches."

"Ought a man with a family of ten children and a man with one to be taxed equally?"

"I don't think monopolies ought to be taxed."

"A boa in the parlor is worth two in the hall.—M. McLean.

Is Chet. Farr in the tailor business or a seeker of Beatrice Fairfax Knowledge? He has on his card, "Pressing a Specialty."

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you know very well that you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."
"I know it teacher," replied the little fellow, "but it wasn't my fault."
"Are you sure it wasn't?" queried the teacher.
"Yes ma'am," answered the little fellow, "I tried my best to think of a good excuse but I just couldn't."

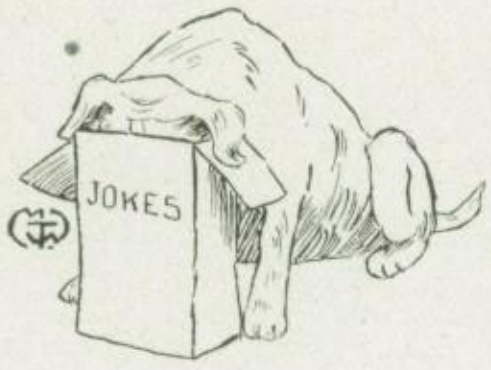
"A soft step in the hall maketh us bury our faces in the book."

Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
Chris has got some long pants.
The children all smiled
To see the dear child
As into the room he pranced.

"A yule log is a Yale student."
"A leper is a person diseased with a slow death."
"A faculty is a body of members paid to help the Seniors run the school."

EXTRA

Art and Jeanne are angry. What will happen?



SENIOR HOROSCOPE

NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	MOST PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC	WHY THEY GO TO SCHOOL	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG
Christopher Aasland	"Chris"	To Grow Up.....	His Size.....	Has to Because of Child Labor Laws.	Da! Da!	Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl!
Helen Adams.....	"Dot"	To Be a "Farmer's" wife	Her Laugh.....	To Make a Hit With the Boys...	Awfully Swell!.....	You Are the Ideal of My Dreams .....
Ione Albrecht	"Myown" .	Not to Break Silence	Her Shyness.....	I Really Don't Know	Oh, Dear!.....	Coax Me.....
Myrtle Alseen.....	"Myrt"	To Get Up at Dawn to Study.....	Devotion to Lessons	To Be a Latin Shark	Has None.....	Sing Me to Sleep, Mamma
Mildred Anderson..	"Milly" ...	To Go on the Stage.	Her Blue Eyes.....	To Give Special Topics	I'm Not Quite Sure...	Wearing of the Green...
Bessie Bank.....	"Bess"	To Go to the "U"..	Ridiculous Remarks	For a Sole Motive..	Oh, Gee!.....	Wish I Had a Beau.....
Leland Barker.....	"Lee"	To Sell Wheelbarrows	His Hair.....	To Learn the Barker's Trade...	This Recalls a Story...	Put Me Amongst the Girls
Hildur Bergman....	"Hil"	To Be An Artist....	That Smile.....	To Take Drawing..	Oh, Missus!.....	Teach Me.....
John Blagrove.....	"Johnman"	To Be a Cartoonist.	His Wavy Locks...	To Attend the Class Parties	Oh, Babe!.....	Where Did You Get That Hat .....
Anna Bower.....	"Ann"	To Be a Singer.....	Her Eyelashes.....	To Sing in the Glee Club	Gracious! Have You Got Your Latin?....	Coming Thru the Rye....
Isabel Boyce.....	"Izzy"	To Grow Thin.....	That Woozy Smile..	To Be An Honor Pupil	Excuse Me.....	A Bear Went Over the Mountain .....
Alfred Brown.....	"Brownie" .	Mixing Dope.....	Piety	To Enter the "U"..	Oh, Jimminy!.....	Bringing In the Sheaves..
Ethel Bucklin.....	Has none .	To Be a Stenographer	Her Shyness.....	To Run a Typewriter	I Really Don't Know..	Some of These Days.....
Marcella Butler....	"Marcel" ..	To Learn to Write Compositions	Her Complexion....	To Get Thru.....	Gee Whiz.....	Ask the Man.....
Agnes Carlson.....	"Aggy"	To Study Domestic Science	Artistic Temperament	To Fill a Birthday Book	Oh, My!.....	Little Band of Gold.....
Dora Cohen.....	"Dorie" ...	To Graduate.....	Her Dreamy Eyes..	To Write Notes in Shorthand	Oh, Say!.....	What's the Use of Moonlight If ——— .....
Wayne Colahan....	"Mick"	To Be a Rah-Rah Boy	His Pompadour....	To Tease the Girls.	Got a Pill?.....	Holding Hands.....

NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	MOST PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC	WHY THEY GO TO SCHOOL	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG
Irene Colahan	"Susie"	To Be Perfect	Her Braid	To Take Care of Brother	Oh, I Don't Know!	She Smiles to Beat the Band
Eugene Conover	"Gene"	To Sell Footease	His Poses	Nothing Else to Do.	The Deuce!	Blow the Smoke Away
John Cornelius	"Johnnie"	To Beat Someone Up	He Is So Nervous	To Graduate	Say, Spav!	I'm Looking for a Sweetheart
Harriet Curren	"Hattie"	To Get Thru in History	Her Coronet Braids.	To Take Chemistry.	Gosh!	He's Just My Style
Virginia Dalhberg	"Ginger"	To Be a Schoolmarm	Her Eyes	To Escape Hopkins.	Why!	Meet Me Tonight In Hopkins
Beulah DePue	"Julia"	To Cure "Ham"	Her Dreamy Eyes	To Serve on the Sandwich Counter.	Sliced or Chopped?	Selections from the "Ham Tree"
Lillian Dunn	"Lill"	To Grow Tall	Her Small Feet	To Ride Her Horse.	Oh, Goodness!	Take Me Out for a Joy Ride
Eva Dunning	"Eve"	To Find An Adam	Wielding a Pen	Really to Learn	Dear Me!	You Would Look Stunning Out with Dunning.
David Eisenberg	"Dave"	To Tell What He Thinks	Modesty	To Pass Away the Time	Ye Gods and Yellow Fishes!	Give My Regards to 6th Ave. North
Raymond Ennis	"Ray"	To Manage the Universe	Businesslike Manner	To Take the Girls to Parties	Can't Tell	Girls, Girls, Girls
Clara Erdmann	"Clar"	To Get Extra Credits	Quaintness	To Be a German Shark	Ach, Du Lieber!	Auf Wiedersehen
Chester Farr	"Chet"	To Be a Tailor	The Crease in His Trousers	To Pass Out His Cards	How Nice	I Want a Girl Like You
Esther Fossom	"Est"	To Be a Teacher	Divinity	To Behave	Gee!	Castles I Have In Dreams.
Inga Froberg	"Ing"	To Teach Latin	Moccasins and Mittens	To Model Clay	I'm Afraid	Three Grasshoppers
Helen Freed	"Lillie"	To Get a Good Mark	Her Velvet Band	To Study	Has None	In the Gloaming
Mary Gale	"Dicke"	To Find Some New Book to Read	Dimples in Her Hands	To Be Valedictorian.	How Exciting!	Waltz Me Around Again, Willie

NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	MOST PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC	WHY THEY GO TO SCHOOL	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG
Russell Gaylord	"Russ"	To Graduate	Big Headedness	To Get One Credit	Oh, Cad!	Love Me and the World Is Yours
John Gill	"Gill"	To Visit the Coal-house	His Pocket Comb	To See the Girls	She's a Dream	You Look Stunning!
Harriet Gongle	"Duckie"	To Be a "Prima Donna"	Her Chubby Cheeks	To Sing in the Quartet	Te-de-da-da!	Papa's Typewriter
Walter Graves	'Gravy"	To Be a Professor	His Hazel Eyes	To Play in the Orchestra	That's Practical	A Little Cozy Flat
Ralph Hagen	"Count"	To Be An Engine Wiper	English Accent	To Flunk in Virgil	Charming, Don't You Know!	You Can't Guess Who Flirted with Me
Geneveva Hagstrom	"Gen"	To Get Fat	Tallness	It's Good for Children	I Don't Know Nothin'.	When You Love a Grocery Boy
Milton Haley	"Comet"	To Run a Real Store	That Blush	To Learn Something	That's Pretty Good	I Wish I Was Back to My Grocery Store
Ruth Halloran	"Wuffy"	To Make Somebody a Home	Her Dimples	Taken for Granted	Let's Wait Until Practice Is Over	Theodore, the Peaceful Theodore
Wallace Hamilton	"Ham"	To Learn to Dance	Dimples in His Chin	To Set Examples for Others	Seems Carried and Is Carried	Beulahland
Ora Hammond	"O"	To Take Good Pictures	High Ideas	To Learn to Teach	Nothing Doing	I Wonder Who It Is
Carl Hanson	"Cookie"	To Ride in an American Touring Car	Letting His Chemistry Cool Off	It's Easier Than Working	Oh, My!	Roll Over, You Are On Your Back
Rolf Hartig	"Roofles"	Prize Fighting	Vocabulary	To Keep Up the Family Reputation	You're Sick	I Have a Sweetheart In Mars
Sarah Higgins	"Sadie"	To Keep Something Out of the Annual	Blushes	Just for Fun	Youse!	Won't You Come Over to My House
Gertrude Hinds	"Gert"	To Be a Society Leader	Those Braids	To Manage Class Parties	Oh, Ho!	Wouldn't You Like to Flirt With Me
Arthur Hoaglund	"Art"	To Be a Second Caesar	His Bright Red Tie	To Enjoy the Homeward Stroll	?? !! ?? —— !	Pony Boy

NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	MOST PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC	WHY THEY GO TO SCHOOL	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG
Gertrude Hurwitz.	'Chubby" .	To Be a Great Musician	Punctuality	To Sit in the Commercial Department	Blame It!.....	Kid, You've Made a Hit With Me.....
Alice Johnson.....	'Allie"	To Graduate With a Good Class.....	Her Puffs.....	To Wear Her Picture Hats.....	Darn It!.....	Every Little Powder Box Has a Puff of Its Own..
Dorothy Kraft.....	"Playful Kitten"...	To Be a St. Paul Belle	Her Face Veils.....	To Visit Room 21..	Transfer to St. Paul, Please	Not Because Your Hair Is Curly .....
Ole Lee.....	'Ole"	To Be a Ladies' Man	His "Paternal" Ways	To Keep Straight...	So Near Apart.....	In a Hammock Let Us Swing .....
May Livingston....	'Mugs"	To Drink the Water Tank Dry.....	Her Bashfulness....	To Set a Pious Example to Others.	Honey Bunch.....	I'd Like to Be a June Bride .....
Sarah Loss.....	'Sar"	To Live Up to the Family Reputation	Her Independedness	To Speak the French of Paris..	Where's That Mirror?.	I Was Only Fooling.....
Nora Lund.....	'Nor"	To Make Her Mark	Her Rising Color...	To Prepare for College	Oh, Christopher!.....	Take Me to Riverview....
Helen McCaslin....	"Honey" ..	To Have Curly Hair	Dimples	To Keep Peace in the Family.....	Mercy, No!.....	Love's Old Sweet Song...
Marjorie Maclean..	'Mary"	To Join the Dorcas Circle	Her Beauty.....	To Show Off Starch Neckties..	Oh, Goodness!.....	Won't You Play with My Dolly? .....
Anna Marcus.....	"Annie" ..	To Be a Nellie Melba	Her Hobble Skirt..	To Show the Feathers on Her Bonnet	Oh, Reginald!.....	Garden of Roses.....
Herman Meder....	'Hummy"	To Graduate.....	Sky-scraper	To Please the Family	Oh, Sugar!.....	Come Home, Soldier Boy In Blue.....
Arthur Meltzer.....	"Art"	To Press Clothes..	Bashfulness	To Enjoy His Virgil	Believe Me.....	Under the Mistletoe.....
Janet Miller.....	'Yarnet" .	To Go to Carleton..	Her Wink.....	To Obtain An Education	Never Uses Slang.....	Hip Hip Hooray.....
Charles Morrison...	"Heart-strings"...	To Take Good Kodak Pictures..	His Voice.....	To Make a Hit.....	Er-a-um Y-a-a-s.....	Any Little Girl —— .....
Hazel Mortimer....	'Little One	To Pose for Christy-girl Pictures	Her Wavy Walk...	So As to Go "By-Burr"	Oh, Gosh!.....	Bye Bye .....
Dorothy Munro....	"Dot"	To Tease the Babies	Drinking Pop.....	To Walk Home with Oscar.....	Oh. Mush!.....	A Sweet Old Fashioned Girl .....

NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	MOST PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC	WHY THEY GO TO SCHOOL	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG
Anna Nelson.....	"Annie" ..	To Look Fair.....	Her Belt Buckles...	To Attend the Class Meetings...	Land Sakes!.....	The Chocolate Soldier Man .....
Julius Nelson.....	"Julie"	To Learn to Flirt...	His Pompous Ways.	To Recite English Lit.	Er——ah——!	I'm a Dangerous Man....
Lola Newell.....	"Baby Doll	To Be a Player....	Her New Mode of Hair Dressing....	To Smile at Everyone	Well!	Listen to the Mocking Bird .....
Walter Nordby.....	"Walt"	To Make Dough	His Smile.....	To Please Mamma..	Darn the Rats!.....	Elsa, Where Art Thou Going .....
Rymal Oleisky.....	"Rymie" .	To Be a Conductor.	Politeness	To Work Hard.....	Fares?	Take a Transfer.....
Mabel Olsen.....	"Maybe" ..	To Be a "Steno"...	Her Ribbons.....	Just for Home and Mother	It's Simply Awful.....	Oh, You Mabel!.....
Florence Parsons...	"Flossie" .	To Wear a Fudge Apron	Lankiness	To Get a Diploma..	How Foolish!.....	Take Me Out For a Joy Ride .....
Winifred Parsons...	"Winnie" .	To Be a Good Swimmer	Flirting with the Mail Man.....	To Make a Perfect Recitation in Civics	Well!	The Longest Way Round Is the Sweetest Way Home .....
Oscar Pederson....	"Harry Mitchell"	To Be a Virgil Teacher	His Gracious Manners	To Give Principal Parts of Verbs...	Oh, Mercy!.....	Pink "T" Waltzes.....
Harry Perlich.....	"Kutey" ..	To Get the Job for His Printer.....	Rubber Collars.....	To Be Water Boy in the Drafting Department	Got Your 40 Cents?...	When You Learn to Love Too Late .....
Joseph Person.....	"Lovie Joe"	To Own the Trusts.	His Stately Walk...	To Receipt Dues...	Oh, Fish!.....	I'm Glad I'm Single.....
Irene Pierce.....	"Imp"	To Write a Book..	Her Freckles.....	To Be Poet Laureate	Onward, Christian Soldiers	When Reuben Comes to Town .....
Robert Porter.....	"Bob"	To Sell Shoes.....	His Glasses.....	To Learn Shorthand	We'll Walk Tonight...	Ellentine .....
Erma Powell.....	Has none..	To Ride in Circus Ring	Her Fuzzy Hair....	To Favor Miss A—.	My Heavens!.....	Just for Fun.....
Plummer Purdham.	"PingPong"	To Collect Ink Money	His Eye Winkers..	To Get Thru.....	Coises!	My Wife Is Out In the Country .....
Elsa Radde.....	"Else"	To Break Barretts	Her Pose.....	To Make a Good Waitress	Oh, I Had Such a Lovely Time.....	I Want to Go to Fairyland

NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	MOST PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC	WHY THEY GO TO SCHOOL	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG
Florence Rice.....	"Flossie" ..	To Be a Shark in Geometry	Modesty	So Father Wont Be Angry	W—y, Yes!	I Wish Someone Would Fall In Love With Me..
Katherine Richard..	"Kit"	To Keep House...	She's So Bashful....	Because She Ought to	Has None.....	Shy Ann .....
Helen Roll.....	"Rolly-Polly"	To Make Biscuits...	Always in a Hurry..	To Typewrite.....	She Just Does it With Her Eyes.....	Roll, Jordan, Roll.....
Hymen Rosenberg..	"Rosie" ..	To Write a Song...	His Clean Collars..	To Learn How to Dress	I'm Some Irish Tenor.	R-O-Senb-erg Spells Rosenberg .....
Walter Sahr.....	"Walt"	To Become a Minister	His Smile.....	To Reconstruct the Books	Lawsie	Sweet Pickles.....
Bertha Saxe.....	"Betty"	To Graduate in 3½ Years.....	Her Pretty Elbows.	To Know Something	Landy	I Want to See Papa Again
Lloyd Schryver.....	Has none..	To Be President of the Gas Co....	Devotion to His Studies	Why! Just Because.	Gee—Guy!	Casey Jones.....
Herman Soloway...	"Face"	To Get Something for Nothing.....	His Palate	To Make a Noise...	Listen, Everybody!....	"U" of "M" Rouser.....
Mabel Smith.....	"May"	To Grow	Her Quietness.....	It's Such Fun.....	She Smiles It.....	Put Your Arms Around Me, Mabel.....
Jennie Thomas.....	"Jen"	To Read the Sentinel	Her (Beau)?.....	That's a Secret.....	Say, Dear.....	Will You Love Me When My Golden Hair Has Turned to Silver Gray?
Gladys Thompson..	"Gladie" ..	To Be a Blushing Bride	A Perfect Lady....	To Keep Up with the Times.....	Oh!	Put Me Off at Rockford..
Margaret Tuttle....	"Mard"	To Be a Tiffany....	Her Dancing.....	To Enjoy the Class Parties	Oh, Glory!.....	Wouldn't You Like to Flirt with Me?.....
Jeanne Watts.....	"Jennie" ..	To Become an Art-ist	Her Wavy Hair....	To Study "Art".....	Where's Artha?.....	Stop! Stop! Stop!.....
Rosetta Weber.....	"Zetta" .	To Be a Latin Teacher	Her Corrections in Virgil	To Work.....	Refuses to Tell.....	The World Is Very Evil..
Charles Woehler...	"Bud"	To Graduate "Sometime"	Marcelle Wave.....	To Make Them Root	Oh, Heck!.....	Helen and I are Chums..
Donald Wright.....	"Deacon" .	To Be a Fish Peddler	The Buttons on His Shoes	To Rest During Study Periods....	The Gift Without the Giver Is Bare.....	Meet Me On the Dummy, Lizzie .....

JANUARY 1912

JANUARY 1912 OFFICERS

ARTHUR VERNE, President.

LEONORA PAULSRUD, Vice-President.

JOSEPH SHIELDS, Treasurer.

LEORA FOSTER, Secretary.

PAUL JEPSON, Business Manager.

LANCE NICHOLSON, Sergeant-at-Arms.

JANUARY 1912

Listen! my children, and you shall hear
Of the wonderful class of the coming year.
Their pleasures, and victories, their triumphs and woes;
A merrier class history ne'er could disclose.

As Freshmen and Soph'mores we studied and worked—
Our lessons for pleasures we never shirked.
No parties nor sleigh rides demanded attention;
Our devotion to lessons was worthy of mention.

But when jolly Juniors we soon become,
We thought it high time to get in the game,
With a sleigh-ride and parties, and best of all,
That ne'er to be forgotten Junior Ball.

But though to parties we did attend
All our time on pleasures we did not spend;
For in debate and dramatic art—
Some with great might, every chance took part.

For Shakespeare for some had a strange fascination,
So for joy to the class and for edification
Of their student friends, a number presented
The old court-scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

And now we are Seniors, sedate and wise,
And you never would think that again in our lives,
We would assume that jolly expression,
Which as Juniors we always wore to perfection.

But you are mistaken if so you surmise,
For that wise, stately air is just a disguise,
To conceal from the Freshman our levity—
'Tis the custom for Seniors to 'pear wise, you see.

And now since I have our secret told,
Of the further history of this class so bold.
You, doubtless, are anxious to be advised,
That you may endeavor to live likewise.

Hear, then, how this thoughtful class did decide,
That a leader was needed them to guide,
Through the worry and flurry of spring graduation,
With all its excitement and expectation.

A Vern (e) al president then was selected;
Other officers, five in number, elected
To take on themselves all troubles deep,
And from their classmates all worry keep.

And now we'll endeavor almost a year more
To keep old North High's honor as bright as of yore,
And though we some day from her must depart,
Her mem'ry shall always be fresh in each heart.

REIDEN ERICKSON.

CLASS CHARACTERISTICS

MABEL ANDERSON—"An Ellen Terry in miniature."
HAZEL ARMS—"Can one be too frank, straightforward and truthful?"
HELEN BARRETT—"A business-like manner, 'tis plain to be seen."
ESTHER BOFFERDING—"Oh! What harmonious melodies!"
ANNA BRAMAN—"Where ignorance is bliss, knowledge is power."
FLORENCE CADWELL—"Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw."
JAMES CADWELL—"Why wasn't I born a blond?"
HELEN DWYER—"Oh! for an old-fashioned dance!"
CLAUDE EHRENBERG—"I am in a class by myself."
LILLIAN EKBERG—"A Latin stronghold."
REIDEN ERICKSON—"A mind worth cultivating."
ALICE FERM—"She Fay (n) would be a poetess."
CARL FORSBERG—"Who can resist the squint in his eye?"
LEORA FOSTER—"You look studious, are you?"
LENA FREEDMAN—"I never give up my education, for my studies."
MARY GIBBONS—"Her mother's sayings are many, 'tis true."
HYME GOLDFUS—"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour."
ANNA GROEBE—"School-life, indeed, is serious."
FRANK HAMACK—"Did you say Mathematics? I'm Johnny-on-the-Spot."
PAUL JEPSON—"The son shines bright in B Room, no need of further light."
MORRIS KARATZ—" 'Tis quality, not quantity."
HERBERT KISTLER—"Where is my wandering boy tonight?"
IDA KOLONTERSKY—"How many of your evenings bright,
Were spent in studying by lamp-light?"

CLARENCE LEONARD—"Better known as Brownie."
ABE LITINSKI—"A proper man's picture."
NORA MANLY—"She studies with a determined 'Will.'"
BESSIE MELAND—"To study is but to be a drudge."
FRANCES MELONY—"Some live wire! (?) (?)"
AGNES NELSON—"Of commercial value I shall be,
'Stenographer' sounds good to me."
LANCE NICHOLSON—"The optimistic views are best."
GERTRUDE NIGGELER—"Deft with the fingers."
LEON NORMAND—"Why need I study? Lessons may be obtained otherwise."
LYLA NORTHRUP—"Installed in the hearts of the class."
HUGO NYLANDER—"Let the little sunshine in, in, in."
LEONORA PAULSRUD—"Your charming manners captivate."
VERGIL PERSON—"Music! It doth inspire me!"
RAY PETTINGILL—"Speech is Silver, Silence is Gold."
IRENE RICE—"Ability discovered too late."
JOSEPH SHIELDS—"Money is my suit."
WALTER STANGER—"A terror for his size."
DONALD STRAUCH—"Athletics is my heart's desire."
RUTH TRUMP—"Our representative from Robbinsdale."
WALDO THOMPSON—Reformed spelling cannot make him groan."
GAIL UTTER—"Valuables are often left behind."
ARTHUR VERNE—"An utterly utter young man."
MYRTLE VOLKENANT—"A merry jesting elf."
JACOB VOLBRECHT—"I am proud of all the German blood that's in me."
ROSE WEIDNER—"A little nonsense now and then (?)
Is relished by the best of men."
MABEL WILLD—"Was that Mabel who spoke, or the sound of the wind?"

A SONG OF SPRING

When winter is past and comes balmy spring,
'Tis then that the poets begin to sing,
Their joys and thots by words are expressed.
Once Pegasus from his long winter's rest
Arose, and kicked out his hoofs till they rang
And all the muses about, then sang:
"The flowers so Verne(l) are beginning to grow,
And the sun on the Trump(et) shaped gentian doth glow,
And causes the long golden Karatz to sprout
While ugly Will'd weeds seem to jeer and to flout.
And Paulsrud and Cadwell"—here Pegasus balks

And roars in a voice louder than anyone talks,
He's not fully awake from his long winter's sleep.
So drowsiness o'er his thoughts starts to creep.
He shakes his long mane and smiles at the spring,
And then once again all the muses thus sing:
"The Ferm blades of grass seem to Lance the hard ground,
While the Arms of the trees throw shade all around,
And old mother earth still Foster(s) each shoot,
While a Ray from the sunshine is warming each root.
The Rice plants grow fast in the beautiful spring,
For the seeds were bought at Northrup and King.
Ehrenberg, Bofferding, Kistler, and Forsberg,
Dyer and Jepson and Leonard and Ekberg—
Now Pegasus turns with a very loud neigh,
The rhyme that we'd thought of has all passed away—
He gave a loud Bra(man wouldn't think he was Abe(1),)
For one expects his pace to be good in this fable.
Now, hurrah! he's decided to be Manly and Barrett,
So that he would earn all the praise that he merits—
Latonna And-er-son Apollo
Each movement of spring must joyfully follow,
And Utter encouragement to all things on earth,
Groe-be a helper, Hu-go welcome mirth—
Now Pegasus halts, thots desert us again,
Unrhymable names thronged about as he ran:
"Kolontersky, Niggler, and Gibbons and Erickson,
Volbrecht and Mealond, Melony, Thompson.
The Strauch Nelson plant hides the sweet faced McMunn,
Now Pegasus rears—We'd almost a pun.
And Hymen sweet Myrtle and Rose(s) does bear,
And white orange blossoms so dainty and fair.
'Tis a time when all Persons in Hamack(s) recline,
And for woods and nature we all now do pine.
Both Freedman and slave enjoy the spring showers.
Neither woman Nor-man(d) doth loathe these sweet hours,
But Shield(ed) and guarded from all that alarms,
We take chubby Stanger up in our arms"—
But there! right here and just as we thought,
The beast we had started and fairly had brought
To good running order, he stops, he rears.
This story of spring we must stop we fear,
This fable we would gladly finish for you,
But necessity rules so now then—Adieu.

ALICE A. FERM.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The Annual Junior-Senior Reception was given on December the sixteenth, nineteen hundred and ten, at the Masonic Temple. About a month previous, the Junior committees began work. They had much to do but accomplished it, and were rewarded by the very signal success of all their plans.

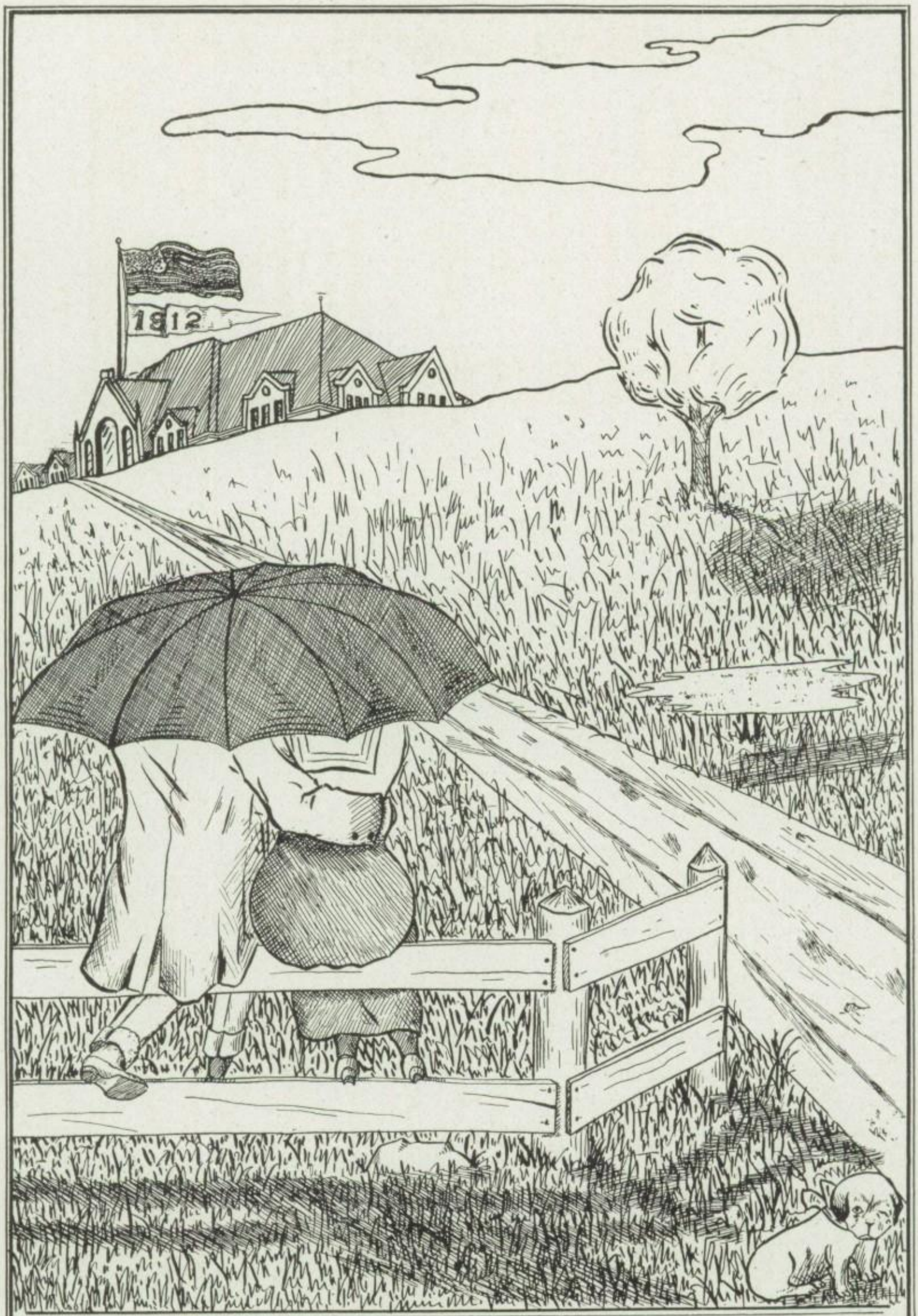
COMMITTEES

Chairman - - - - - - - - - CLARENCE GRANT
Business Manager - - - - - - CLAUDE EHRENBERG
Patronesses and Reception - JOSEPHINE BYRNES, LEORA FOSTER
Programs and Printing - - - - - - - - - -
MOLLIE HALLORAN, LEONORA PAULSRUD, PAUL JEPSON
Hall and Music - - - - - - - CLARENCE GRANT

The program opened, at nine fifteen, with the Grand March, led by Miss Bliss and Mr. Link. The gay dresses of the girls and the stately manner of the boys, made a pretty and uncommon sight, as the one hundred and seventy-five couples circled around the hall. After several fantastic figures, the programs were distributed by the Misses Josephine Byrnes and Mollie Halloran, and Messrs. Claude Ehrenberg and Clarence Grant. These programs were, as the girls say, "cute," being made of white leather, with the monogram of N. H. S. in blue.

The hall was artistically decorated with palms, and the large North High pennant was hung over the rostrum, where the orchestra was seated. The music was excellent and the feature of the evening was the introduction of the guests to the patronesses, who were; the Mrs. C. M. Jordan, Hobbs, Gates, Gaylord, Byrnes, Paulsrud, Bofferding, J. H. Jepson, Robertson, Webster, and the Misses Adams and Mann.

ISABEL BOYCE.


1912
WE JUNIORS STICK TOGETHER.
W. Toul Engel

A CLASS MOTTO

By Valentine C. Sherman and Samuel Gale.

Having been, at different times of my high school career, a member of both of the present Junior Classes of North High, I longed to make the connecting bonds between these two divisions something more than a name and with this end in view I started out to interview some of the various members of the class on the subject of a class motto. Nothing perhaps shows so much the wide field and comprehensive scope of the class members as the diversified and varied replies I got to my inquiry in regard to the motto.

The first group I accosted on the subject was composed of two B Classmen, Clyde Rosing and Elmer Nelson. The former wears glasses and when speaking to him one always has the idea one is talking to an authority. He has that undefinable something about him which makes him seem like a president or something that he isn't. "Yes," he said, fingering his pencil and seeming to be deep in meditation, "that would be a good stunt, I tell you though, I can't just think of an appropriate motto just now."

"Yea, that's right, what is it?" interjected Murle Stack as he came up and put his arms around the other two. I explained my quest. "Yea, you ought to have a motto like 'All's fair in love and lessons,' or 'Give us mother's oats, maidens and music.'"

"No, no," interrupted Nelson, "if you want to represent all the class, leave out music. At this point Stack and Rosing left Nelson to tell me first that he detested music and then to explain that music is barbaric and stirs the animal nature in man (of which Nelson has none). The class should be proud of Nelson for that because he is at least 6,000 years before his time.

As I was in cheery, smiling Mr. Link's room at the time, a bunch of B girls next caught my eye. Muriel Vogeli was gracefully posed on the back of a desk talking to Miss Karlson, who sings like a bird (a certain sort of bird), Ethel Moe, Mabel Brimhall and Dorothy Smith were all interesting listeners, but Grace Godfry across the aisle ever dutifully studied her lessons. As I approached the talking ceased and all the girls gazed at me with tranquil incredulity stamped on their pretty faces; uttering not a sound.

Miss Vogeli broke the silence with, "Why don't you have 'A stitch in the lining is worth two on the trimmings'?" "Yes, or 'A girl's picture in the pocket is worth two on the mantel'?" interrupted Ethel. "I don't believe it anyway," said ever skeptical Linnea and as the others didn't seem disposed to speak I gracefully backed away.

"Mars," the other member of the Brimhall family is quiet and unobtrusive and gave "Still people think deep." Paul Engle could not be found as he keeps out of the room as much as possible and as Herb Gardner was motor cycling and Halloran gave as his motto, "Don't give up the Hair restorer," we fled from D Room to a more promising field, namely, the Junior Annex.

Harry Frank was yelling, "I'll bet you," at Albert Weiseke as I approached. The latter wore that serious bored air of his. "If you want a motto that's realistic," said Mr. Frank, "try, 'We never want anything easier'." "What's yours, Mr. Weiseke?" I asked, as I noted down Frank's thought. "Be serious, and you will succeed," he replied. Next to William Phelps Mr. Weiseke is the funniest person at North High because he is the next to the most serious person. Not that I believe it wrong to be serious, or rather funny. No, not at all, I think

that each of us should try to be as big a joke as possible, so as to cheer our fellows as much as we can.

Just then Mr. Gale dashed into the room, to hunt up one of the actorines in Gale and Sherman's latest production. As he began talking to Miss Meyers, I dashed up to them, and after they had heard me, Miss Meyers suggested, "All the world's a stage." Mr. Fetkanheimer, who overheard the remark, suggested that it was a mighty punk show. "What do you think of the idea?" I ejaculated to Mr. Gale. "Why, I think it'll work great," he replied, "and as for a motto, I would suggest one from Mr. Sherman's and my latest play, 'When in doubt, do nothing.' I wish to say though, that although I am responsible for this one, I think it's a good one just the same." I next visited the abode of the A Juniors' C Room. I found the company there very delightful, making many funny acquaintances. I spoke first with our sad friend, Bill Phelps, who was crying, "Back to Nature, Back to Nature," and some of his poetical stuff, so I took that for his motto. Just then Barry and Bettridge, our funny friend, walked up, and after cracking a few jokes, they gave out their motto as, "Be jolly today for tomorrow," and after they had thought a little, "Gates may nab you." They seemed to live up to this motto, but they told me it wasn't original. They had taken it from the English class. Miss Halloran and Joe Byrnes backed them up in the motto. They said that their class was altogether too good to be thinking of the little goose-eggs coming tomorrow. "What's the use, they're coming anyway," they said.

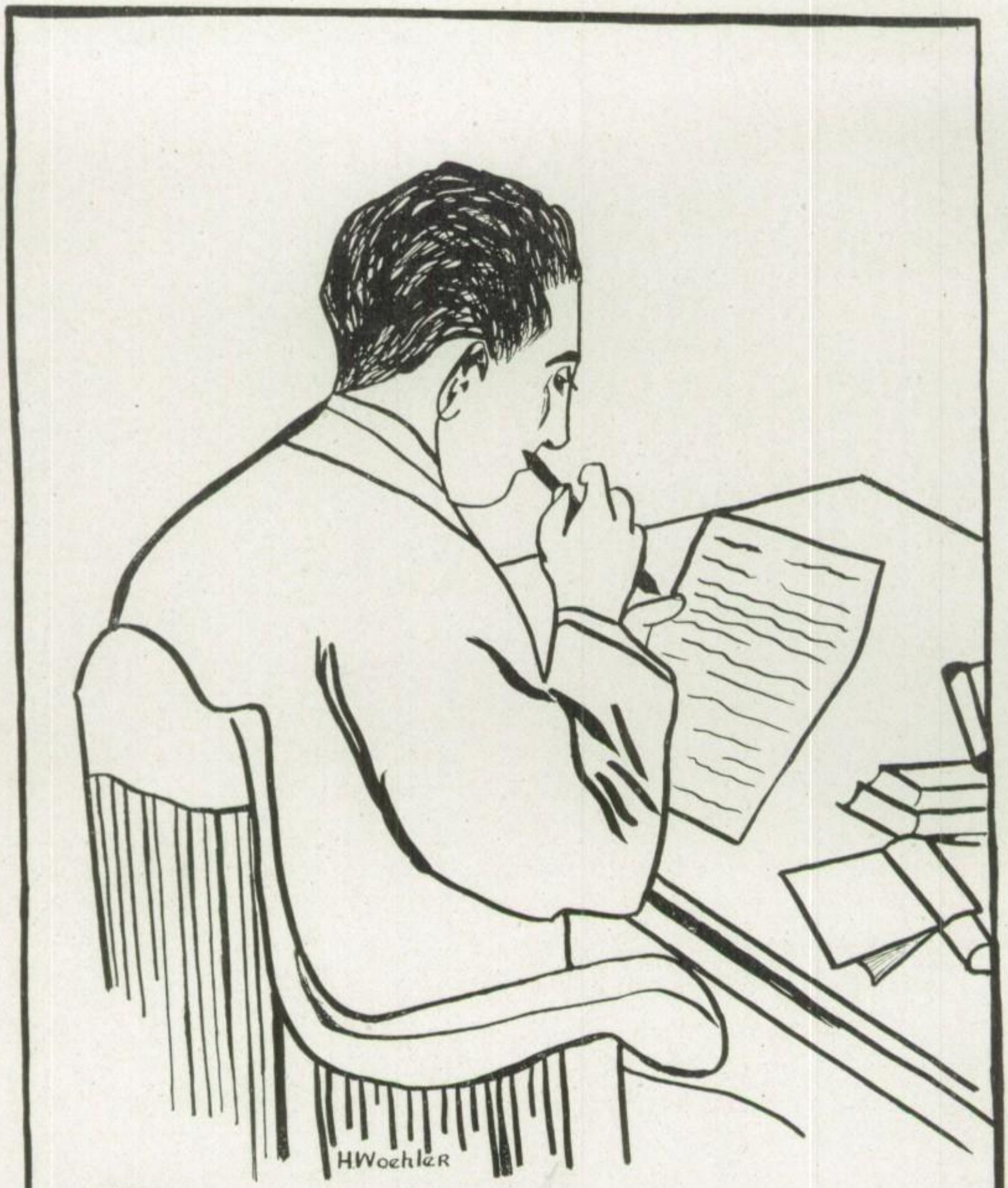
Miss Heston, however, protested against this motto. "For," she said, "this class must be sober and dignified, not too unruly," this being her motto. I saw the two Dahls, whether brothers or not, I don't know, but Dahls, anyway. Rudy said his favorite motto was, "Spit more and chew less," or it might be read, "Chew less and spit more," a very bright idea, I thought. His namesake and Mr. Malmo did not have any motto to offer on the spur of the moment, but both were full of praises of the class, and said that there were many others who could help me to a motto. At this moment I saw Shirley, and running up to him got his favorite motto, which is a great compliment to the girls, "Be more ladylike." I told Mr. Thompson that this was a fine motto, and went to Mr. Burns. He sang the praises of the class, himself especially, and ended up with the motto, "Follow me."

Miss Hussey then appeared and while she said that she would just as soon follow Wendell, everybody else around raised such an angry yell, that I ran for my life, until I met Charley Goggesberg, the boy wonder (that is, in electricity). When I told him that I wanted his motto he said, "Just now I can't think of any better one than, 'Don't get shocked.' For I got about 4,000,000 volts once, and while I lived through it, take my advice, don't try it."

Mr. London, the clever detective merchant (5c a dozen) put in his choice as "Deduction forever," and anyone could see that he was brimming over with it.

My best acquaintance of the day, that is, the fellow with the best motto, was Mr. Sherman. His great brains finally said, but really it was his mouth that said it, " 'Take a word from the wise, don't flunk.' I mean this for everybody, especially the freshmen, and if they'll take my word, and I've had experience, too, it isn't pleasant. Don't flunk."

Altogether at the end of this delightful expedition, I found that this class really was what I had always thought it, a "corker," and concluded to myself, that although no one had mentioned it, their best motto would be, "We're There."



THE SOPH?

A DREAM OF THE SOPHOMORES

One day when Seese was passing Bye a farmhouse, he stopped to get a drink of water. On the front door was a knocker with a Griffen on it. There were several people on the lawn, all evidently summer boarders, and chief among them was a Lovely little boy doing various Stuntz with a rope and a piece of Leather(s), and a fat man who sat under a Russling tree and wore a Grande aspect.

The traveler asked the way to Greenberg and was told to turn to the right and go on through Rogers and Willis-ton until he came to a large sign post, then turn to the left. The man who owned the farmhouse told Seese that it would take several hours to get to his destination, and, as it was getting late, the traveler asked if he could stay all night. The man said, "I'm willing, if you'll sleep in the Barne(s), the house is full."

The hired man passed Bye just then and it was noticed that he wore a Porter's cap. It was afterward discovered that he was a Porter at the Hurley hotel.

When they went to the house for supper, the boarders were assembled in the parlor. This room was very nicely furnished. There was one remarkable picture of a "Monk" kneeling before a "King." On the table were several of Connor's works.

One of the little girls started to cry and was borne away screaming while the fat lady in the rocking-chair exclaimed: "If I had that child I'd whale her." (Woehler.)

Oh, how the hungry traveler did enjoy that bountiful supper of country fare, especially the short cake the Cooke had prepared!

Then the master of the house found that his guest could have a room in the house and conducted the traveler thither. A curious looking object was hanging on the wall and when asked what it was, the man replied: "Oh, that ban von vig." (Wanvig.)

In the morning one of the little girls was seen chasing a dog who suddenly turned and snapped at her. When her mother reproved her for her conduct she said: "I was only Pettin-Gill," but when her father told her that if the dog bit her, she would be an angel (Engel), she let the dog alone.

Then a mighty crash was heard in the parlor and the servant came rushing in to inform her mistress that the chandelier (Chandler) had fallen. They went to view the ruins and the lady of the house cried out, "Now yu ban careful and let that Glas-by.

Then the Traveler went on his way smiling.

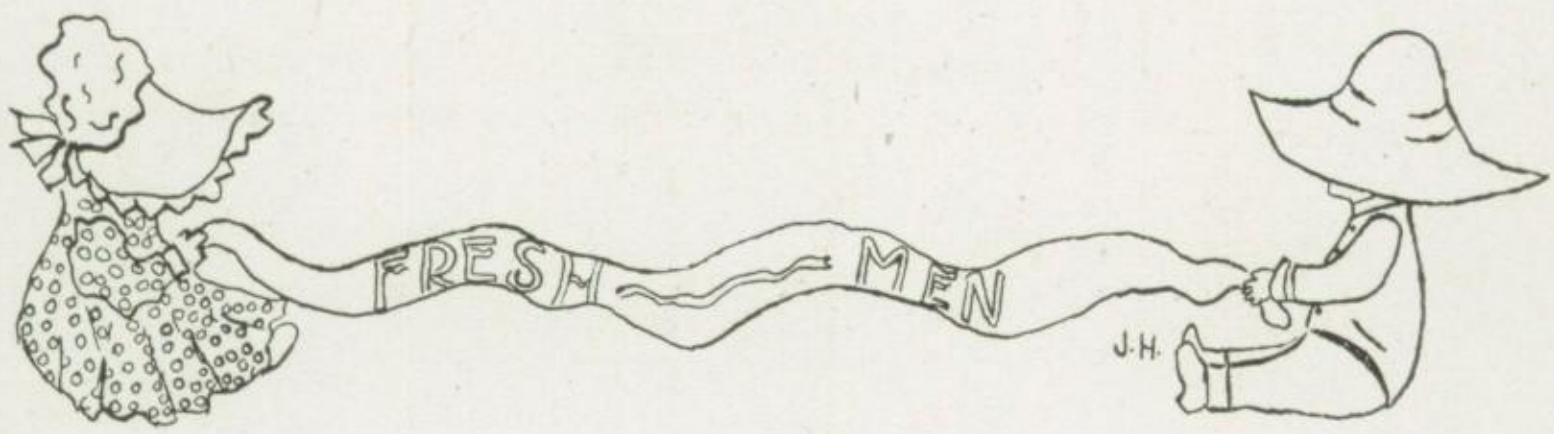
ELLEN KENNEDY.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

A HOWLING SUCCESS

A FRESHIE'S SONNET ON HIS IGNORANCE

When I consider how this year I've spent,
Trying my brilliant verdancy to hide;
How to my girl friends, I'd confide
That some fresh upperclassman's head I'd dent,—
And all the while to that same man I lent
Lunch Tickets, which to Freshmen I denied;
And how, at every chance, I always tried
To exude all I knew, where'er I went;
I feel that all a Freshman new could need,
To make his conduct of the very best,
Would simply be to have him emulate
The man who's just from freshman ignorance freed,
Until, of knowledge and of wisdom both possessed,
He, too, shall pass into this happy state.



FRESH HUMOUR?

Sadly at one o'clock each day,
The pupils hear Miss Longbrake say,
Those English words, you'll *have* to learn!
And though they plead, each in his turn,
Of further engagements they have down town,
Her hard-hearted answer is, "Go, sit down."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE BY FRESHMEN

"Pyramus and Thisbe were two lovers who talked a wall thru."

"Atalanta wanted a husband who could beat her."

"Odysseus went home and got permission from his wife to go to war."

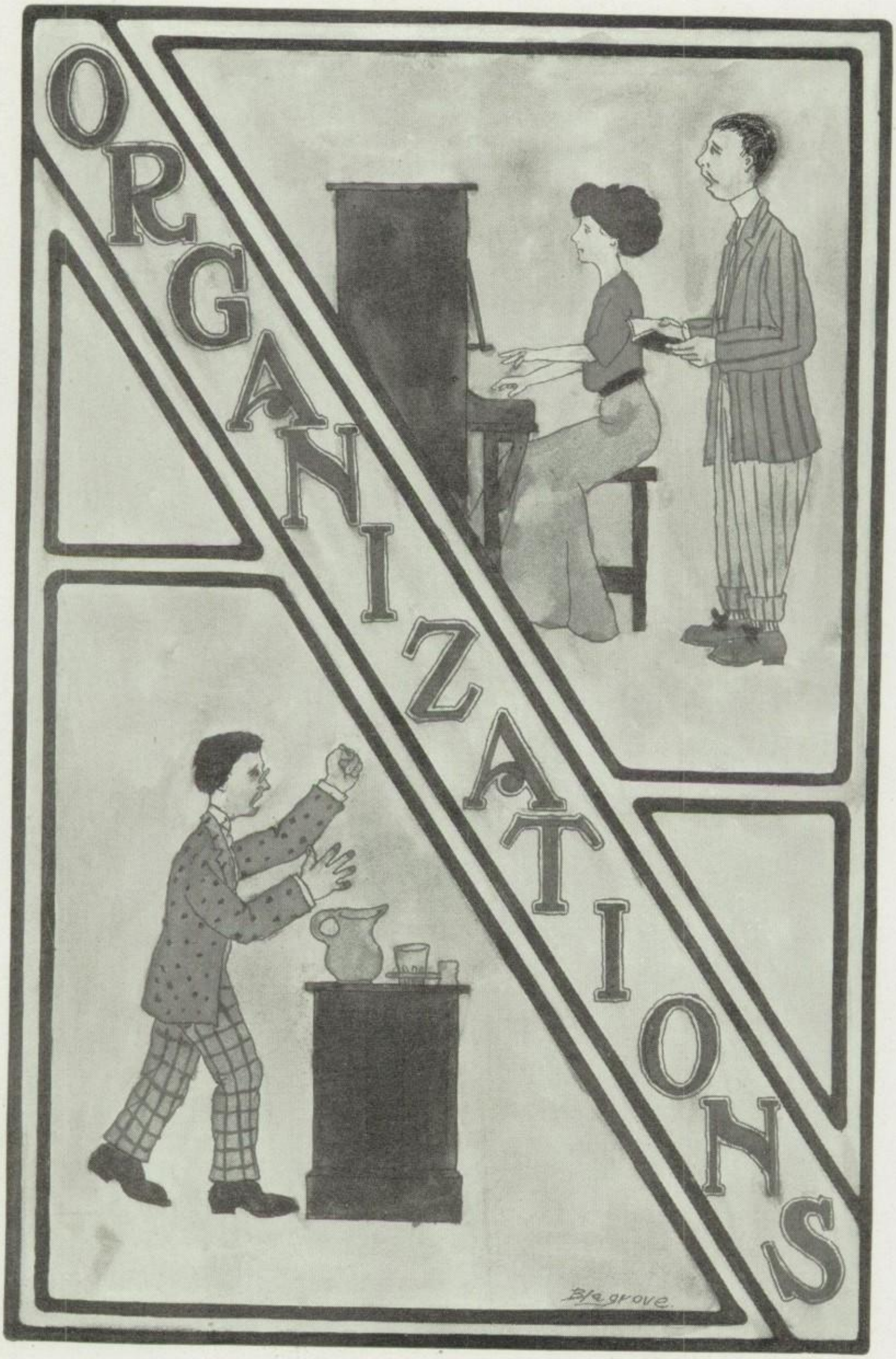
"Jim Hawkins's father fell sick and died and then his troubles began."

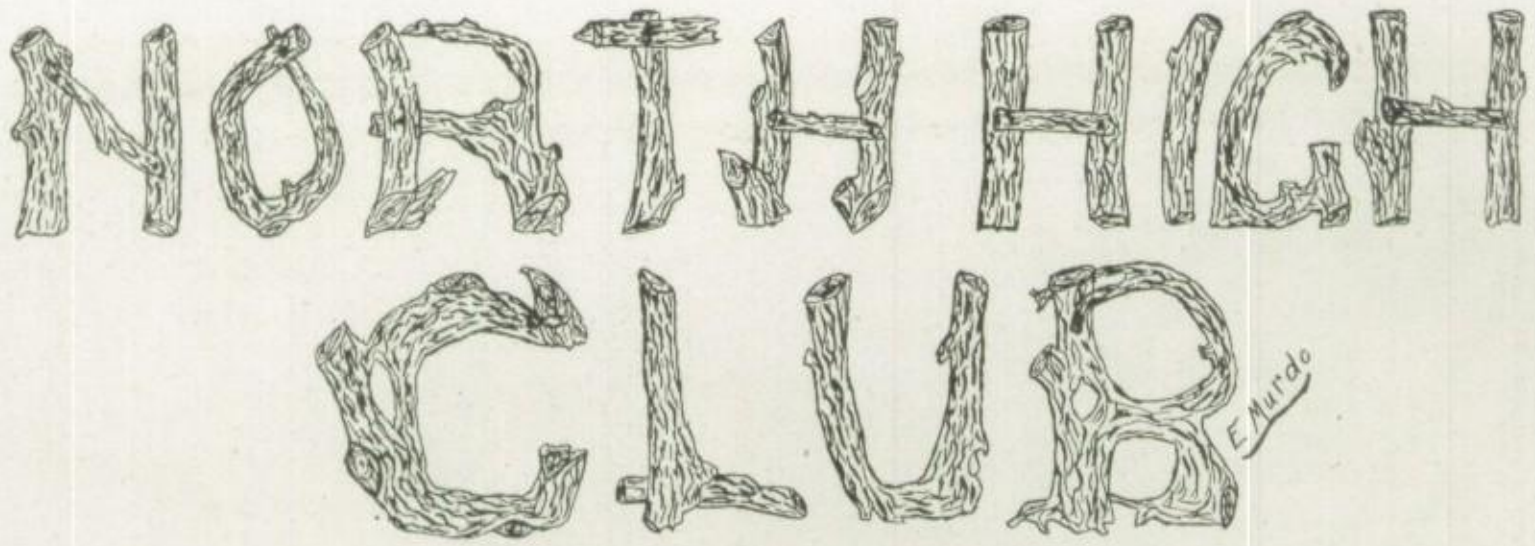
"She was born in the middle of the seventeenth century and is still living."

Sir Launfal met a leopard by the castle gate, who begged with his hand and moaned."

"When Ben-Hur came home, he was much surprised to find that his mother and his sister had both become leopards."

How oft Miss Hoff repeats these words,
"A word without meaning learned
Is useless, yes, 'twould be absurd."
But with pupils round her after school,
She reads, "The Yoke," as is the rule,
And then her one confession seems,
"I do not know what 'dais' means!"


ORGANIZATIONS
B/e grove



NORTH HIGH CLUB

CLYDE ROSING, President.
ELY MURDO, Treasurer.

CHAS. G. WOEHLER, Vice-President.
WENDELL BURNS, Secretary.

MR. HURD, Leader.

PLATFORM

First. To create, maintain and promote a high standard of Christian character among High School fellows.

Second. To encourage High School students to further their education.

Third. To promote social fellowship.

The North High Club, composed of those fellows who wish to take a definite part in the school life by promoting a high standard of moral character, clean sports, honesty and service to one's fellows, is affiliated with the High School clubs of Minneapolis.

During the last year they have made a careful investigation of the conditions affecting the moral standards of High School fellows, juvenile court work, state laws concerning child labor and many other vital questions of a boy's life. Frequent addresses by business and professional men on these and other interesting and important topics have been given to the members. Among the speakers have been Rev. Andrew Gillies, Mr. Dayton, Judge John Day Smith, Governor Eberhart and Dr. Vincent. It is to be hoped that this club will continue its good work in the future.

CHAS. G. WOEHLER.

NORTH HIGH ORCHESTRA

Photo by Galbraith

THE ORCHESTRA

One of the enthusiastic musical organizations of the school, always ready to make the time merry with music, no matter what the occasion, is the Orchestra. Commencements, Class Days, Debates, and Entertainments would be incomplete without it so much has it come to be a regular feature of those functions.

Among the many excellencies of the organization: the object of playing only good music is worthy of mention, and so well has this been kept in mind that at the present time, the music is fully up to the standard of many mature organizations of the city. Mr. Hurd is director.

The members are:

FIRST VIOLINS.

Virgil Person
Virgil Schwartz
Leo Schulman
Ronald Clarke

SECOND VIOLINS.

David London
Abe Borovsky
Carl Lagerquist
Carl Perchman

CELLO.

Ray Stuntz

CLARINET.

Geo. Swift

BASSVIOL

Fred Hensel

CORNET.

Julius Essen

FLUTE.

Walter Graves

TROMBONE.

Floyd Stretch

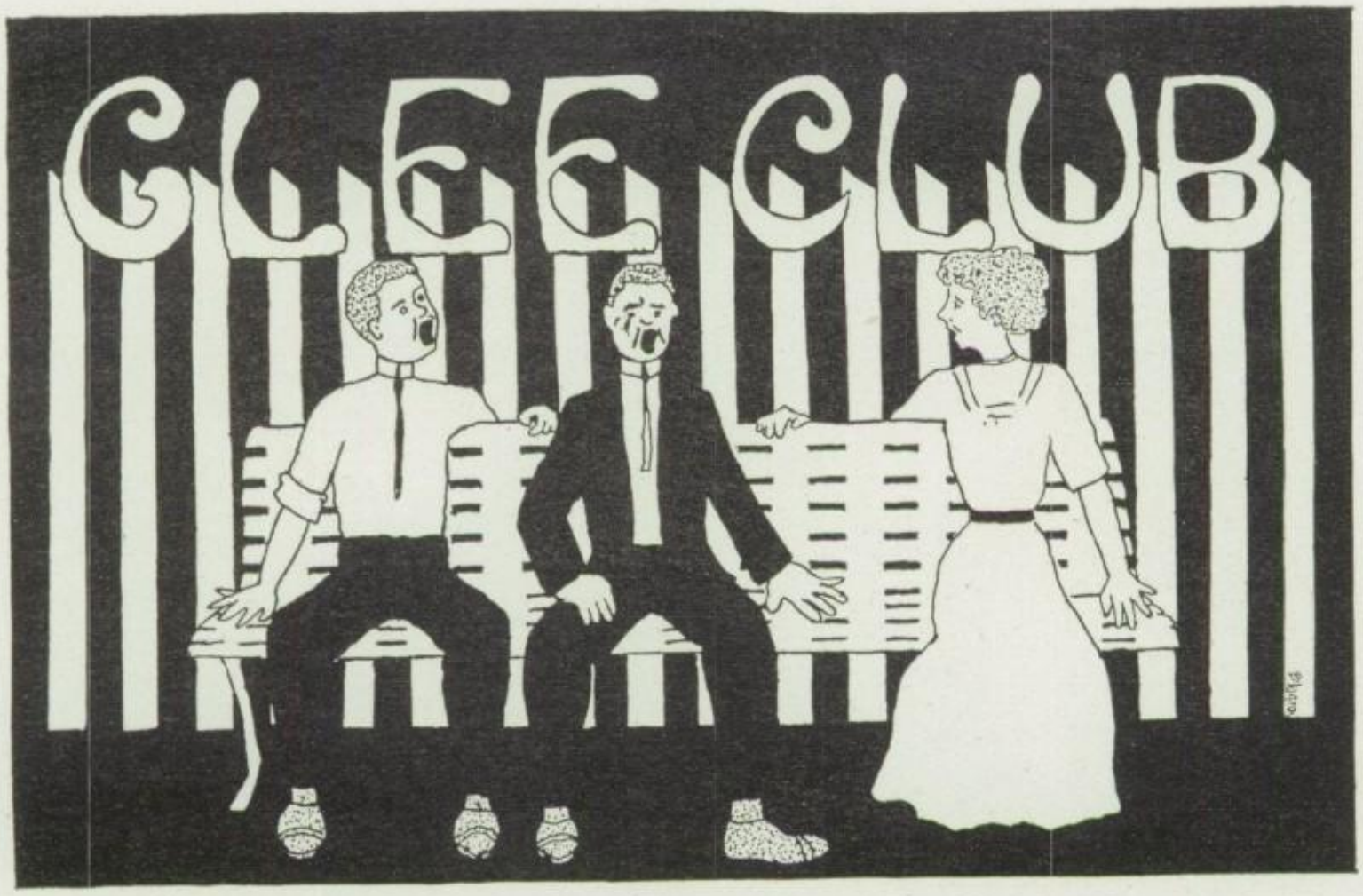
DRUMS AND TRAPS.

Lester Faetkenheuer

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club was organized about eight years ago and has done faithful work in furnishing music for various programs outside of High School entertainments, both in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

It has proven to be one of the most popular organizations of the school. This is due mainly to the efficient training of its director, Mr. P. A. Davis.



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club is one of the four musical organizations of the North High School. In the past they have set a high standard of excellence as a singing club and at present are practicing for the annual concert. Mr. W. H. Shepard has been the director of the club for the past four years and is recognized as a popular and efficient leader.

The membership is limited and there are always enough on the waiting list to keep the parts well balanced. The following are the members:

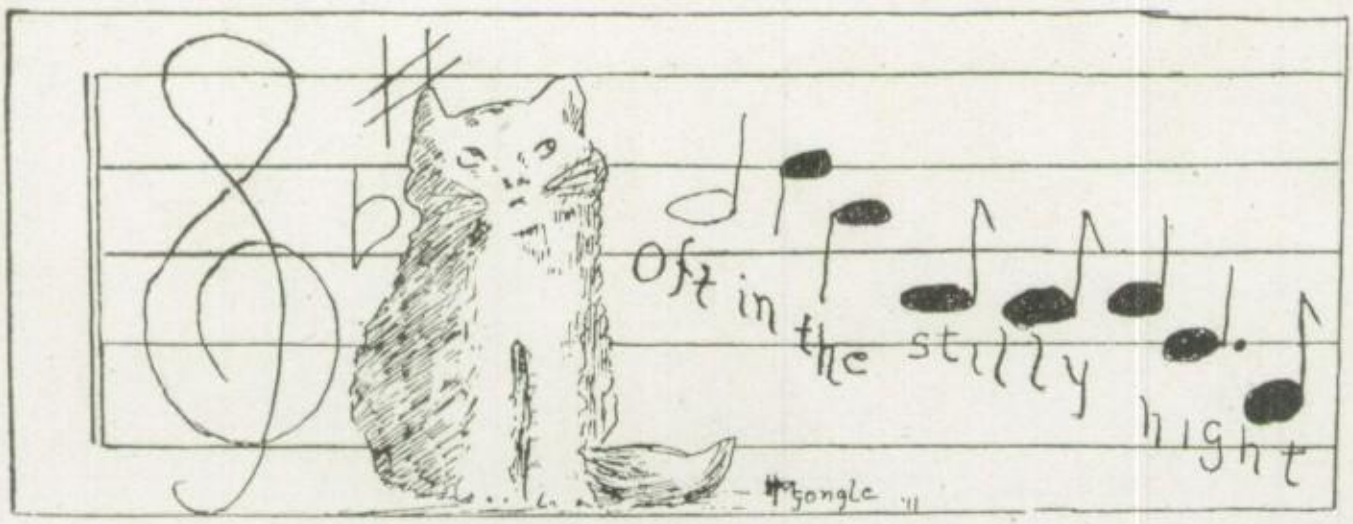
HARRIET GONGLE
LEONORA PAULSRUD
EDITH DAY
LINNEA KARLSON
BEATRICE MEYERS
LYDIA JEPSON
ADA TOWSE
BEATRICE JENNINGS
CHRISTINE HESTON
ESTHER BOFFERDING
AGNES NELSON
FLORENCE ASHLEY
FLORENCE THARALSON
ANNA BOWER
JOSEPHINE BYRNES
HAZEL ARMS
EVELYN TATRO
LAURANDA PLANTE
MABEL ANDERSON
ANNA DENNIS

Photo by Golling-Hesse

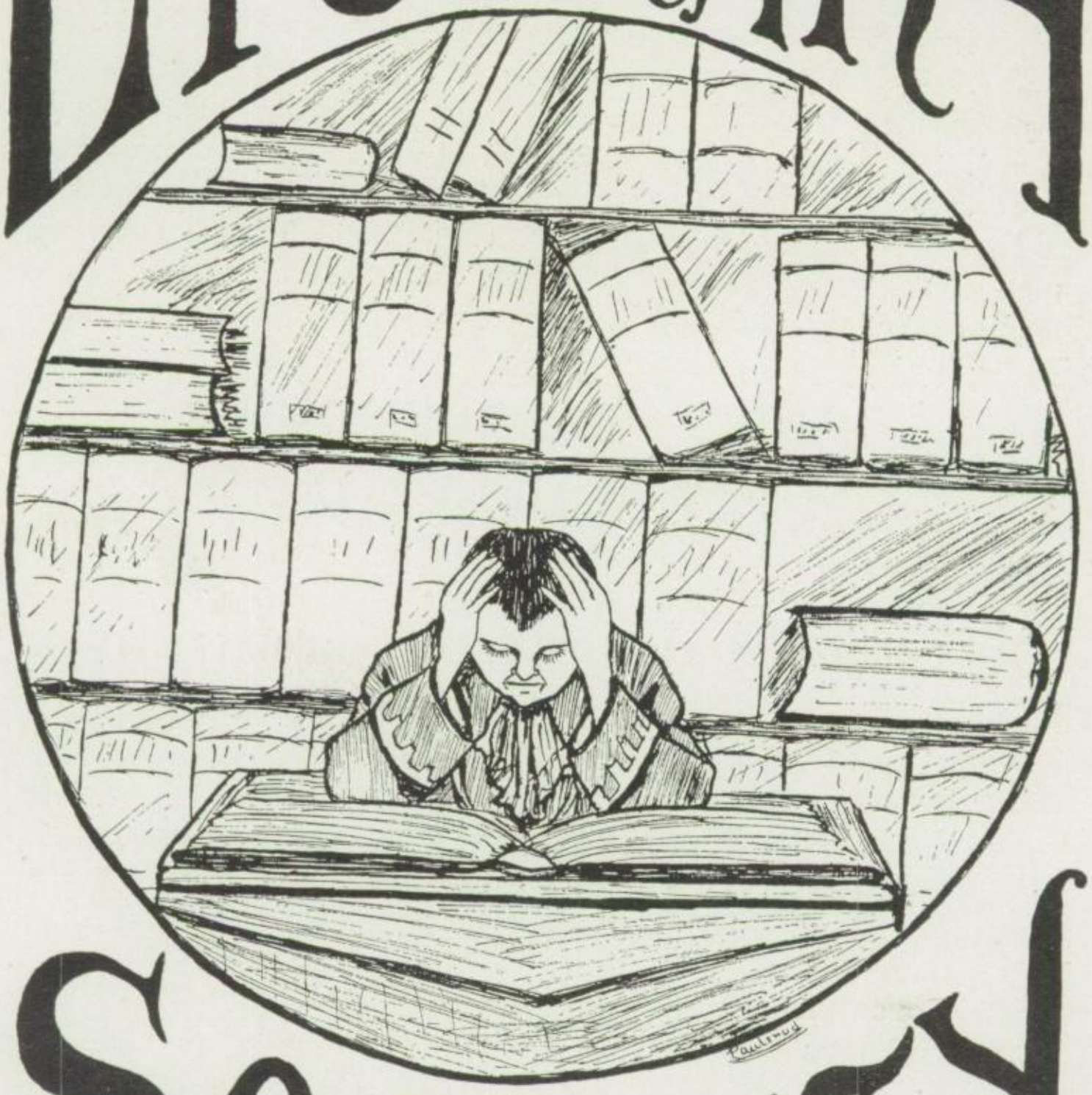
THE NORTH HIGH QUARTET

The North High Quartet has been recently organized, and though last, it is by no means the least of the musical organizations. The quartet has had the opportunity to sing at several public entertainments with a creditable degree of success. Miss C. E. Adams is the director.

The members are: Miss Beatrice Jennings (first soprano), Miss Harriet Gongle (second soprano), Miss Josephine Byrnes (first alto), Miss Anna Dennis (second alto). Miss Anna Bower, Miss Janet Miller and Miss Lillian Moe were former members.



Literary Society



DEBATE

OFFICERS OF THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

	FIRST SEMESTER	SECOND SEMESTER
President	Earl Neilson	Wendell Burns
Vice-President	Joseph Person	Samuel Gale
Secretary	Wendell Burns	Edith Thomas
Treasurer	Gertrude Hinds	David London
Sergeant-at-Arms	Gerald Barry	William Meyer
Chairman of Program Com.	Gertrude Hinds	Plummer Purdham
Chairman of Membership Com.	Plummer Purdham	Gerald Malmo

FACULTY ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Georgia A. Burgess, *Chairman*
Mary C. Harris
W. H. Shepard
R. A. Crawford
Magda M. Hoff
W. W. Hobbs, *Ex-officio*

INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE REPRESENTATIVES

R. A. Crawford, *Coach*
Samuel Gale
David London
Wendell Burns
Hyme Goldfus
Jeanne Watts

INTERCLASS DEBATE REPRESENTATIVTS

Senior Class:

Isabel Boyce
Gertrude Hinds
Morris Karatz

Junior Class:

Leo Hirschfield
Earl Neilson
Abraham Shedlov

Sophomore Class:

Isadore Frisch
Louis Goldberg
Carrie Johnson

Freshman Class:

Carl Blakeman
Frank Moore
Irma Nash

Membership of Society: 168.

Entrance Qualifications: School average of 80%.

A NEW VENTURE IN DEBATE WORK

An innovation in the manner of choosing the School Debating Team to represent North High in the Interscholastic Debate was put into practice this year. The former method of a "free-for-all" contest for the purpose of selecting representatives was abandoned, and as a substitute the Faculty Committee organized a debating class of twelve members to study the fundamental principles of argumentation and debate. It was decided that Mr. Crawford, who kindly consented to give his time and experience to aid the class, was to choose the debating team from among its members. From the many applications received for consideration, the following were elected to undertake the labor: Leland Barker, Victor Barquist, Wendell Burns, Samuel Gale, Hyme Goldfus, Leo Hirschfield, Charles Hughes, David London, Earl Neilson, Elmer Nelson, Abraham Shedlov and Jeanne Watts.

The work of the class consisted, primarily, in the study of Foster's work on "Argumentation and Debate," which, though extremely difficult, proved very interesting as well as instructive. Near the end of the term, two debates were held in the class; one on the interscholastic question of the adoption of Commission Government by Minneapolis, and the other on the adoption of County Option by the State of Minnesota. The quality of the speeches presented at these debates proved beyond a doubt, what had been gained by studying the principles of argumentation. Each member of the class was given an opportunity to partake in at least one debate, thus aiding Mr. Crawford in the selection of the school team on a basis of merit.

As to the results obtained, it is sufficient to say that not only have the individual members of the class profited greatly by the experience, but general debating work has been materially strengthened and the standards have been placed on a higher plane and a much wider interest has been felt throughout the school. Certainly, the plan has proved a decided success.

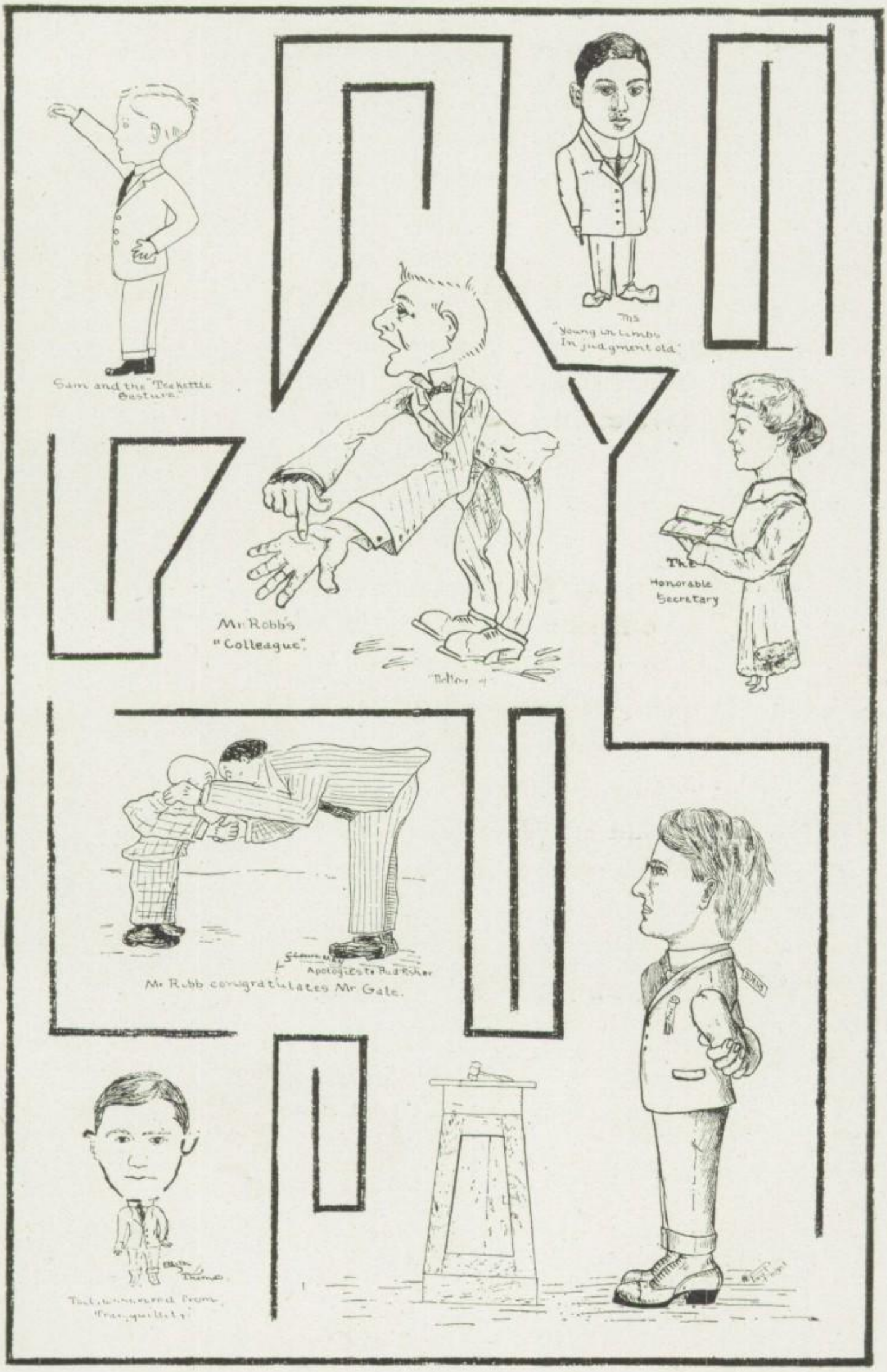
Much credit is due to the Faculty Committee, and especially to Mr. Crawford, whose untiring efforts have made possible the success attained.

Here's hoping that next year's class, under the same supervision, will meet with even greater success, and in the Debating Championship of the City without the question of a tie.

DAVID LONDON.

SCORES OF INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE

North	9	West	9
Central	8	South	4
East	0		


Sam and the "Teakettle Gesture."
Mr. Robb's "Colleague."
The Honorable Secretary
Mr. Robb congratulates Mr. Gale.
Apologies to Bud Fisher

HOW WE WON

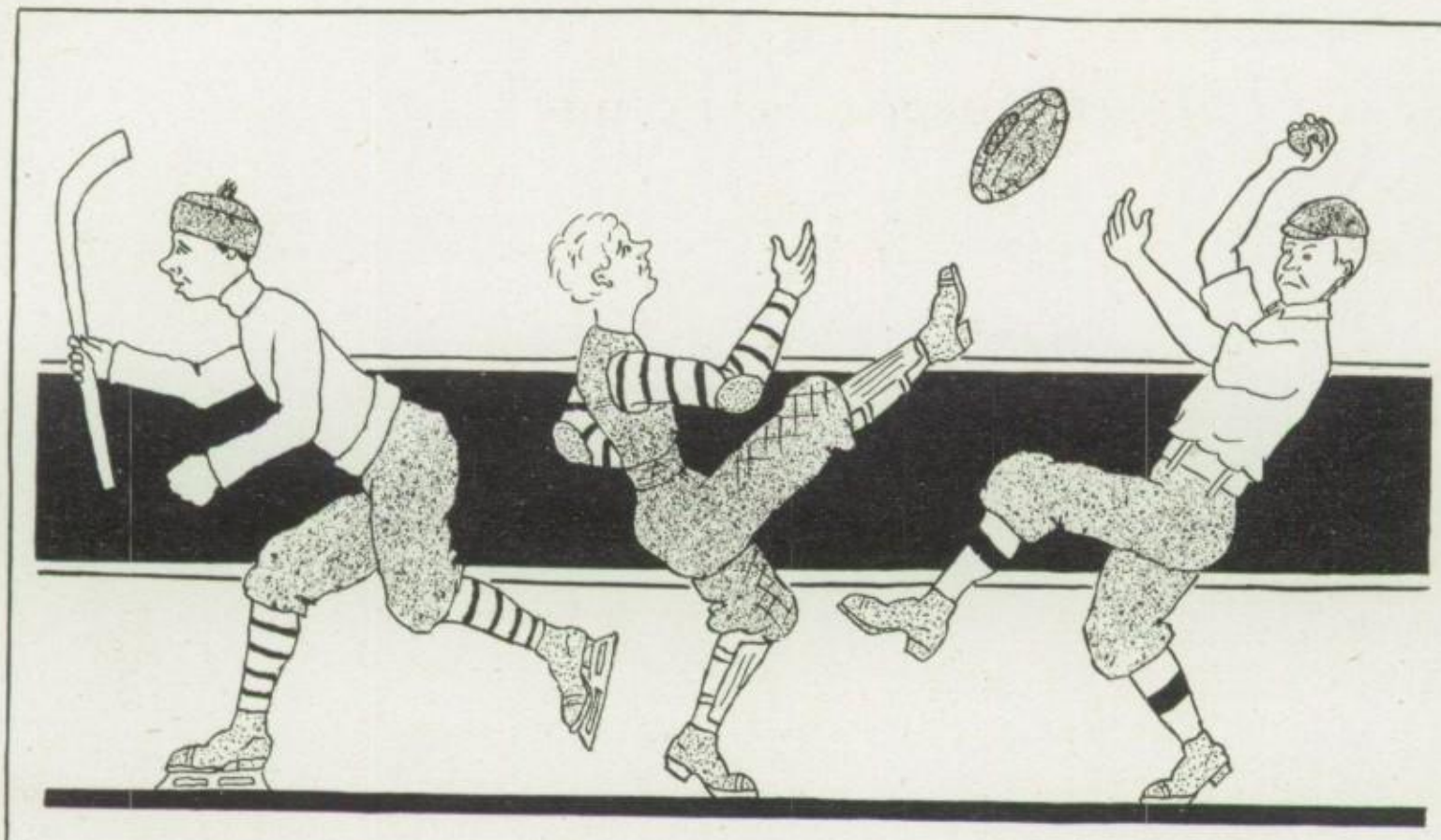
West High's got a foxy team—
We can say that at least.
But we beat Central, who beat West
And then we won from East.

Central's team is somewhat sore;
To think of them we've ceased;
Because we beat them two to one—
Besides we won from East.

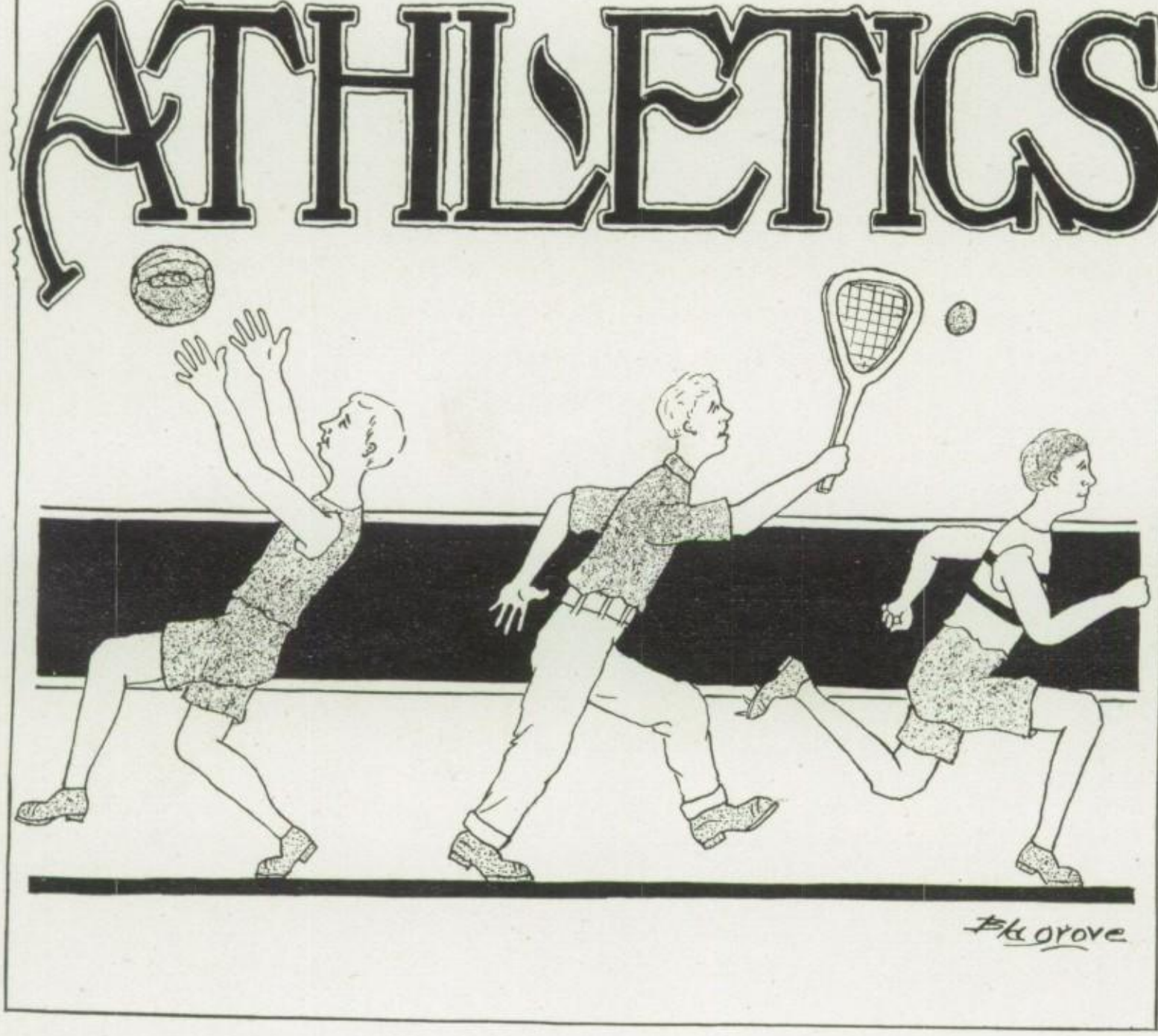
South is quite outside the race;
Altho swelled up like yeast—
Took three points from them right off,
Just as we did from East.

East is not so very strong,
Of them we made a feast;
Three to naught—they didn't come—
That's how we won from East.

WM. PHELPS.



ATHLETICS



"N" MEN AT NORTH HIGH

FOOTBALL '10

LESTER BRENNAN, *Manager*

**WALLACE HAMILTON, *Captain*

HERMAN SOLOWAY — CLAUDE EHRENBERG

*HYME BLAUSTEIN — **GEORGE PEDERSON

**LAWRENCE KISTLER — THOMAS PRATT

*TED GRANT — *ARCHIE CLARITY

HENRY BANKS — *BERT GRANNING

WALTER BIBER

**Belong to All-Star High School First Team.

*Belong to All-Star High School Second Team.

BASEBALL '10

RICHARD SCHMIDT, *Manager*

EDWARD COOPERMAN, *Captain*

TED GRANT — DAN CASEY

KENNETH CULVER — RALPH NEEFUS

FRED BRADT — HERBERT KISTLER

RAY BARRETT — CLINTON LOVELY

ELMER CARRIER

TRACK '10

EMMONS SAWYER, *Manager*

ELMER CARRIER, *Captain*

JEROME FRITSCHE — LESTER BRENNAN — WALLACE HAMILTON

HOCKEY 1910-11

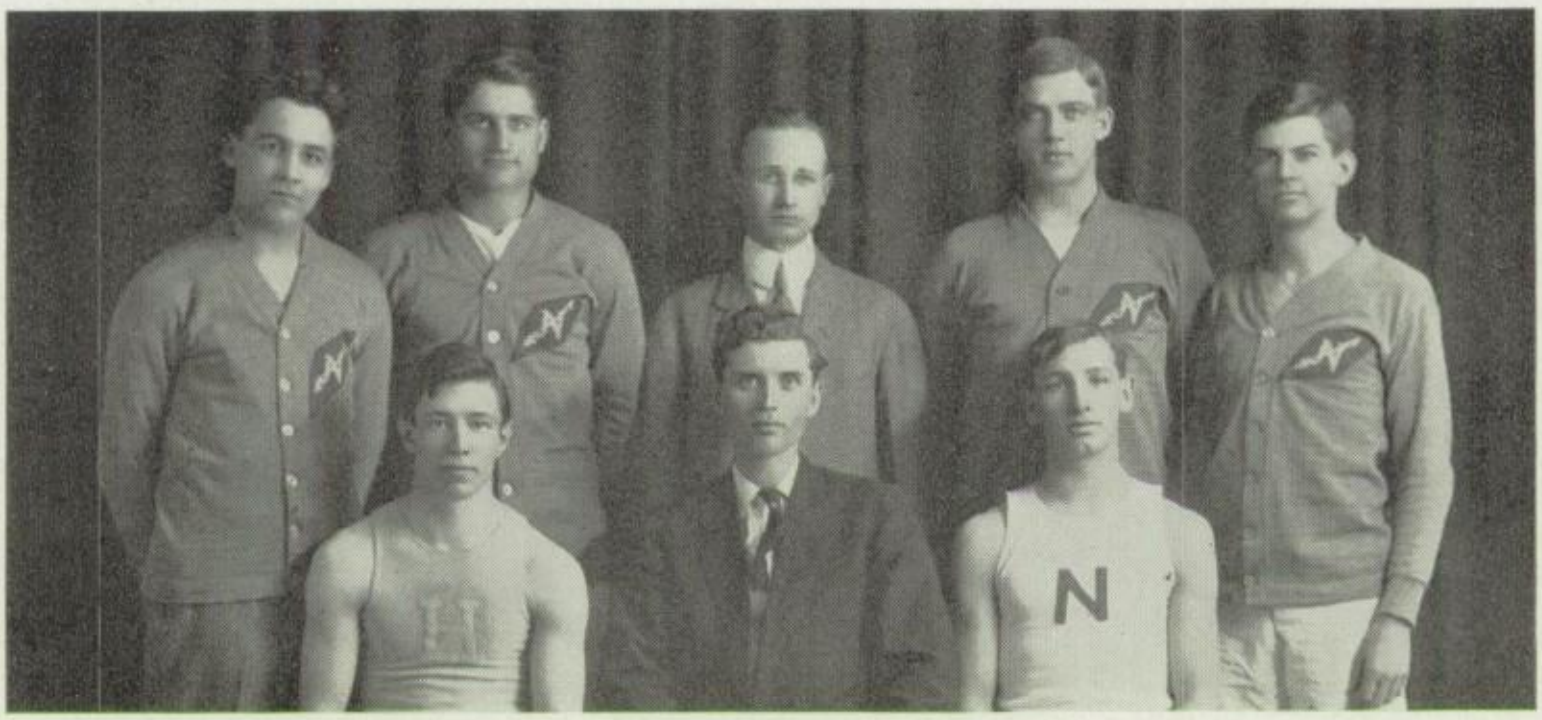
WALLACE HAMILTON, *Manager*

HARLAND SWARTWOOD, *Captain*

CHARLES WOEHLER — DONALD WRIGHT — ARTHUR HOAGLUND

WILLIAM MEYERS — PAUL ENGEL — ARTHUR JOHNSON

WILLIAM JOHNSON



TRACK

In track athletics, North High's team, composed of but one old man, Sawyer, and three new men, passed a successful year and won second place among the City High Schools in the Interscholastic Meet at the University. Although we were represented by only four members of the school, yet under the careful coaching of Mr. Tenney, they accomplished great deeds and won another victory for the good old Blue and White.

In the shot-put, North High was represented by Emmons Sawyer, who was undoubtedly the best shot-putter in the city high schools, winning first honors for two consecutive years. Jerome Fritsche, in the 100 and 220 yard dashes; Wallace Hamilton, in the high hurdles, and Lester Brennan, in the low hurdles, won points, and helped to make the good showing for North.

TWIN CITY CHAMPIONS, 1910

Photo by Galbraith

FOOTBALL

The 1910 team was awarded the city championship after defeating Central and East by a decisive score, winning from West by default, and tying with South.

Herbert Kistler, elected captain by the team of the previous year, was barred on account of having participated in high school athletics for four years. Wallace Hamilton was elected captain by the first team and proved to be an inspiration to every member of the squad.

The Alumni opened the season's schedule. Our team was "green," with only four veterans, Captain Hamilton, Pederson, Banks and Halloran. The line was weak as well as inexperienced, and the backfield was light as we lined against the Alumni, which was practically made up of the famous 1907 team, including "Chicken," Johnson, Leighton, Casey, Kurke, and others. These handicaps told against us. Pederson, Grant and Kistler were the stars of the game.

OCTOBER 7th

NORTH, 1. WEST, 0.

The team showed a marked improvement in two weeks' training ,and played a great game against West, in the first high school game of the season. The Green and White managed to cross our goal on a fluke for the only touchdown of the game. This game was protested, however, because West allowed ineligible men to play. The Board of Appeals awarded the game to North. Hamilton, Soloway and Halloran played an excellent game and were always in the thick of the play.

OCTOBER 15th

NORTH, 6. SHATTUCK, 0.

The team went to Faribault to play the next game with Shattuck, and although the players were outweighed to a man, they won a great victory, Peterson falling on the ball after it was blocked, and securing the only touchdown. Halloran and Blaustein played a brilliant game.

OCTOBER 29th

NORTH, 6. CENTRAL, 2.

As every man was in perfect condition, the team played their best and won a glorious victory over Central. It was a hard fought game from start to finish. After holding the opponents for downs on the two yard line, the teams exchanged punts, and the backfield, picking holes and breaking through Central's line, brought the ball back to the two-yard line. Here Kistler went through the

center for the only touchdown. Pratt, Granning, and Biber were the bright stars of the game.

NOVEMBER 5th

NORTH, 15. EAST, 0.

After two weeks of strenuous practice the team won another victory for the Blue and White, by defeating East High by a decisive score. Banks, Hamilton, and Clarity played the star games.

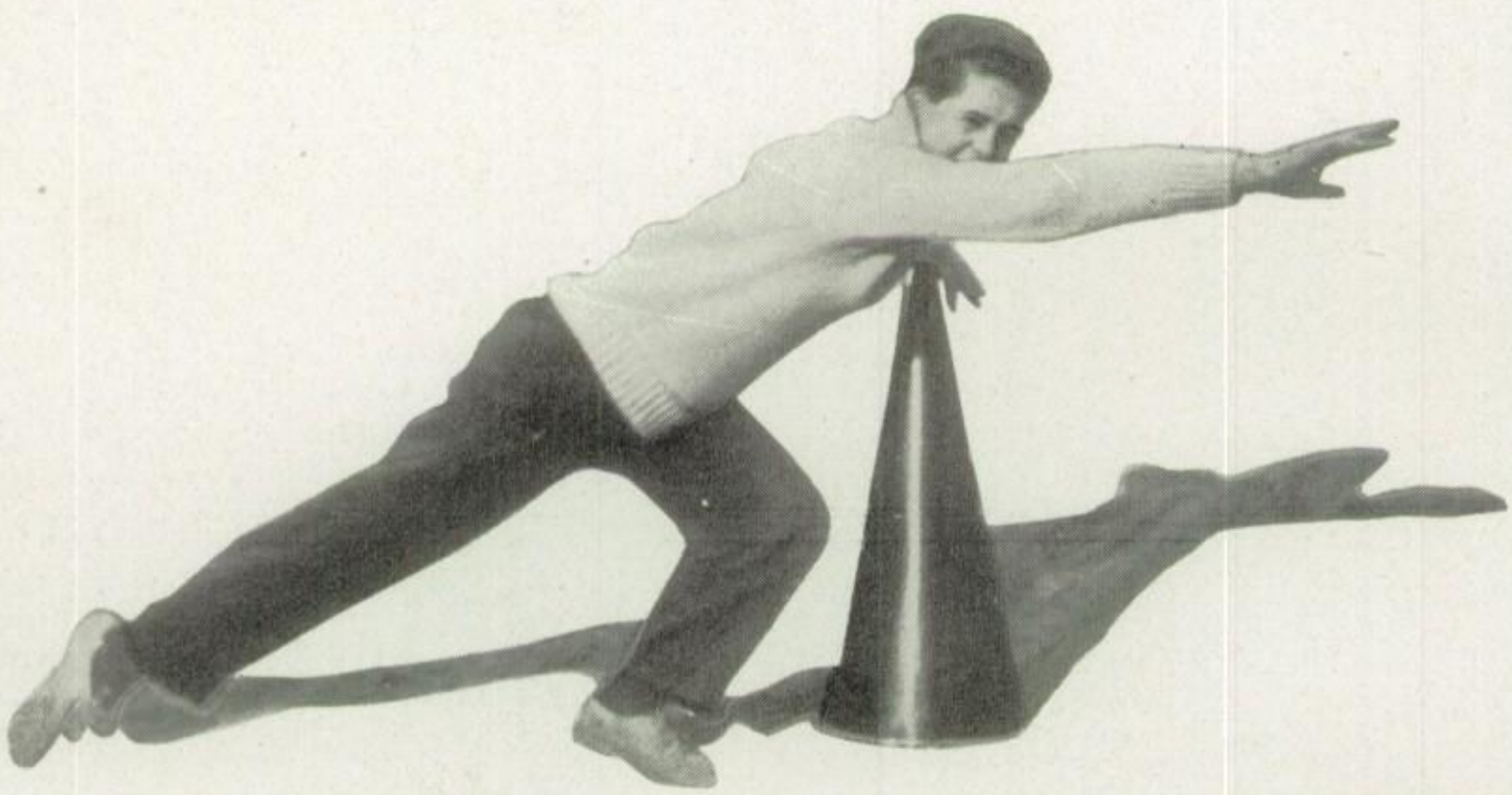
NOVEMBER 11th

NORTH, 6. SOUTH, 6.

With two regulars out of the game and several in bad condition, the team lined up against South for the last game of the season. The Orange and Black scored the first touchdown on a fumble and held the Blue and White scoreless until the last quarter when Hamilton, aided by Blaustein, kicked two perfect goals from the field in the last few minutes of play, tied the score and saved the day. Hamilton, Blaustein, and Ehrenberg played a splendid game.

The members of the team were awarded sweaters and "N"s in recognition of their good work by the Athletic Association. Later, they were guests at a banquet given by Charles Woehler, at his home. Then Dr. Burgan, the coach, extended his hospitality to the team in the form of a "spread" at Donaldson's Tea Rooms.

The team extends a vote of thanks to Dr. Burgan, for his untiring work as Coach, which through his thorough and skillful drill enabled us to win the Championship of the State; to Mr. Tenney for his kind services as Assistant Coach; to "Bud" Woehler for the effective way in which he lead the rooters; and to the faculty and students of North High for their loyal support.



BASEBALL

The outcome of the 1910 base ball season adds another to the long list of victories for North High. The team played an excellent quality of ball throughout the season and tied with South High for the Championship. The players were awarded jerseys and letters by the Athletic Association to show their appreciation of the good work done by the team.

THE LINE-UP

Pitchers, GRANT and CULVER
Catcher, COOPERMAN (Captain)
Shortstop, CULVER
First Base, BRADT
Second Base, BARRETT
Third Base, CASEY
Left Field, NEEFUS and KISTLER
Right Field, LOVELY
Center Field, CARRIER

1911

The following schedule has been arranged for this season, the games of which will be played upon the grounds at Twenty-first Avenue North and Fourth Street. Mr. Anthony Olson has fixed the grounds up in fine shape, putting in new stands and leveling up the field. The use of this field he has very kindly given to the North High Base Ball Team.

April 21—East High.
April 22—Central High.
April 28—South High.
May 12—West High.
May 19—East High.
May 20—Central High.
May 26—West High.
June 2—South High.

HOCKEY

The result of the Hockey Team's work was largely due to the stringent rules of the Board of Control, prohibiting a student from taking part in more than one branch of Athletics during a semester. This made several of the football players ineligible. The loss of Hamilton, last year's star, was especially felt. All the games were close, our team holding the opponents down to very low scores, and always convincing them that we were opponents worthy of their steel.

THE LINE-UP

Goal, MEYER
Point, WOEHLER
Cover Point, ENGEL
Rover, SWARTWOOD (Captain)
Right Wing, WRIGHT
Left Wing, A. JOHNSON and W. JOHNSON
Center, HOAGLUND

BABY DOLL BLISS
Athletic Mascot

PROSPECTS FOR 1911-1912

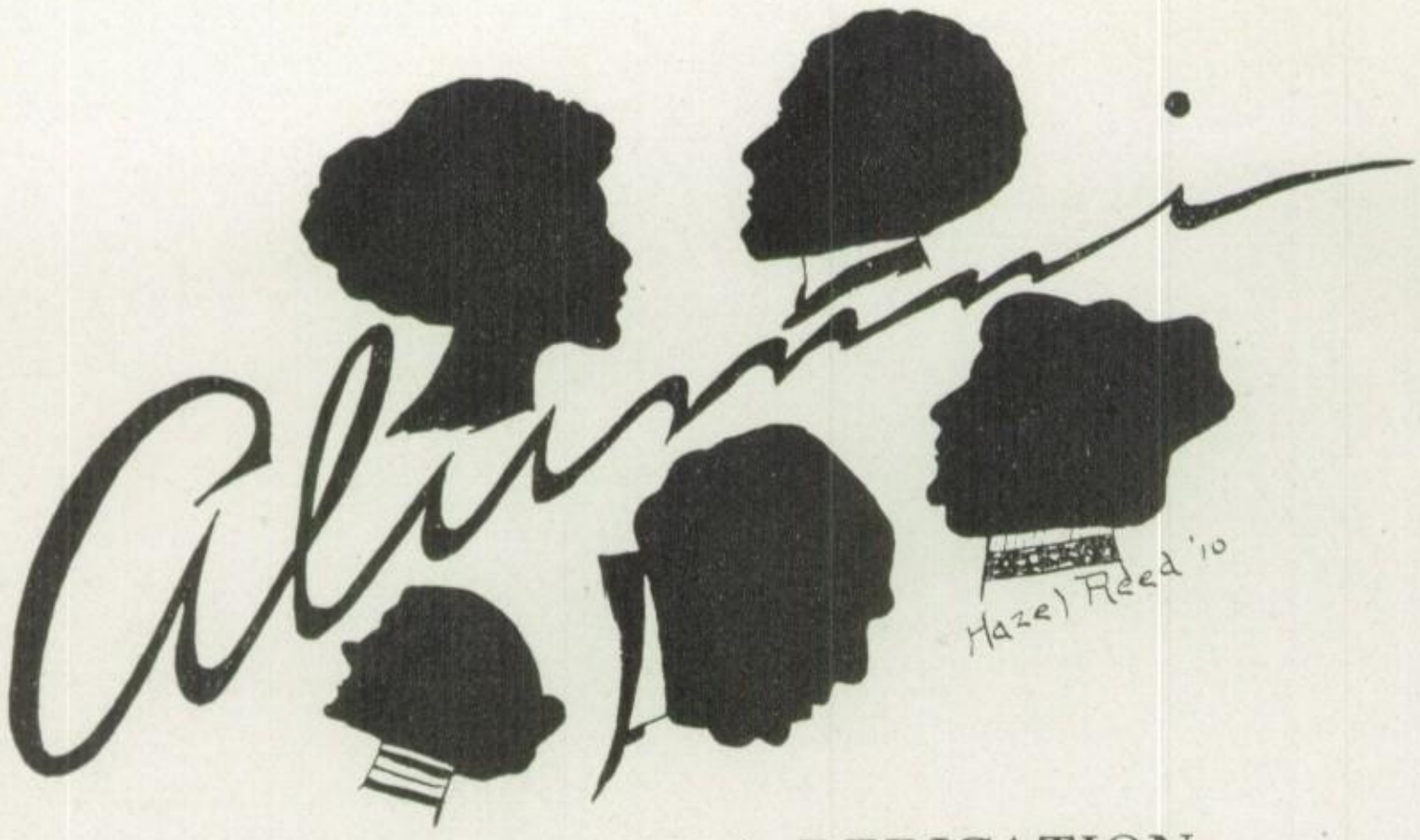
The prospects for next year in the different branches of athletics are the best they have been in the history of the school.

With Walter Halloran as captain, and all the members of this year's team, except Hamilton, Soloway, Blaustein, and Pederson, to make up the team, probably no other high school in the city has such brilliant prospects for winning the Football Championship.

Although the loss of Cooperman, Bradt, Casey, and Carrier, through graduation is a hard blow to the future base ball team, yet with Grant, Kistler, and Lovely back again, and with the wealth of material which has shown up at spring practice, Manager Woehler expects his team to be near the front in the coming base ball season.

Although handicapped by the loss of Hoaglund, Woehler and Wright through graduation, the Hockey team for next year is not an exception to the bright outlook. The return of Swartwood, Meyer, Engel, and the two Johnsons, with several members of the second team, will with proper training add another Championship to North's long list.

The outlook for the Track Team is very bright. With Hamilton and Strauch of last year's team and with the promising material at hand, Coach Tenney and Manager Meyer expect to develop a first class team.



THE TALE OF A DEDICATION

(From an Alumnus.)

The managing editor was sore in body and spirit. For two weeks now since he had undertaken to guide the destinies of the Senior Annual, his existence had been a nightmare of rush, wrangle, and rush again. It was not so bad, the rushing part; he did not greatly mind half a dozen trips to the publishers each day, for he had frequently been able to work that as an excuse for absenting himself from class. Nor did he recoil at scouring the whole school in quest of material, plying with forceps and crow-bar the slumbrous Juniors who were always a week behind, or lording it over the timid Freshmen—that gave him an excuse for rushing riotously through the halls, and up and down stairs, several at a jump, in utter disregard of the principal's stern edicts. This strenuous life might have told on him in time, but still had it been rush alone he would have waxed fat on the privileges accorded his official dignity. It was the wrangle that worried him.

Within his chosen domain he was utterly discredited. Where he had hoped to be chief and master, there it seemed his fate to be the lowliest of slaves. He had not believed that so much variance of opinion existed anywhere as he found among his own Annual Board. Of all the perverse, ill natured, selfish, disagreeable people in the community, this board seemed to be formed from the worst. He dreaded now to call the daily meetings,—he knew that they would be productive of only more disputes. The sport editor and the business manager made the sessions a scene of continual wrangling, the art and social editors were jealous of each other, and with true feminine character were as formal and elaborately polite to each other as could be. And each and all took every occasion to jump on him. They disagreed with his suggestions, they disputed the wisdom of his plans, and mocked his every effort at expeditious transaction of business. Even his art editor, she whose gentle voice and manners had in former years awakened secret yearnings in his heart, now turned a sarcastic tongue on all his advice and pro-

posals. It was almost the final straw. Naturally shy and hating disturbance, this continual wrangle so got on his nerves that he lost his cheerful mien, he became pale and wan, and grew as thin and gaunt as an emaciated frog who has been in the angler's frog-box for upwards of a month.

The other members of the board likewise became as morose and irritable as a pack of hyenas, and their ill humor reflected on the rest of the class. Interest in the forthcoming Annual waned, class spirit died, a cloud of gloom settled over the class, and it seemed as if the last year would be spoiled by the unexplainable siege of darkness. The Juniors noted the change which had come over the Seniors and opined that the Annual was the cause. They had previously decided to carry on the literary work founded by their predecessors; but now in consternation they met and solemnly vowed never to have anything to do with the publication of any sort of class book. Something must be done, and the managing editor knew that he would have to do it.

So he once more overcame his personal feelings and called a meeting of the Annual Board. He had determined to resign after the day's business was over, but he knew that he would not be permitted to do even this in peace, so accustomed were his advisors to opposing all his acts. The business of the day was the selection of an appropriate dedication. The chief offered some suggestions, the art editor as usual ridiculed them. The social editor then took the floor, but her remarks were interrupted by a challenge from the sport editor. The gage was as willingly taken up; suggestions and counter suggestions flashed back and forth. Again a battle of words raged. In desperation the chairman raised his voice above the tumult and shouted, "My dear friends, let us dedicate this work to ourselves!"

The effect was magical. The silence showed that his proposal had struck a responsive chord. The social editor first regained her speech. "Why yes," she said in as gentle a voice as she could command after long being out of practice, "I think that's all right."

"Sure," piped up the sport editor, "good idea, I say."

"Bully for you," said the B. M.

"Oh, it's lovely," announced the art editor.

The chairman could scarcely believe his ears, yet so the chorus went round. For the first time in weeks the Annual Board were smilingly agreeing to his proposal. With peace and good humor restored, an appropriate wording was adopted without further dissent. When this was out of the way, the chairman tendered his resignation. To his surprise it as met with a united chorus of nays. United! Unanimous! Could it be possible? The transformation occasioned by his happy offering of the dedication, was as complete as it was remarkable. He was forced to withdraw his resignation, and made to promise that he would see the book through, and with assurances of hearty support in the near future the meeting was adjourned, with the business of the day disposed of in record time.

The effect was lasting as well. The next morning, the art editor and the M. E. came to school together, and this became a regular order for the remainder

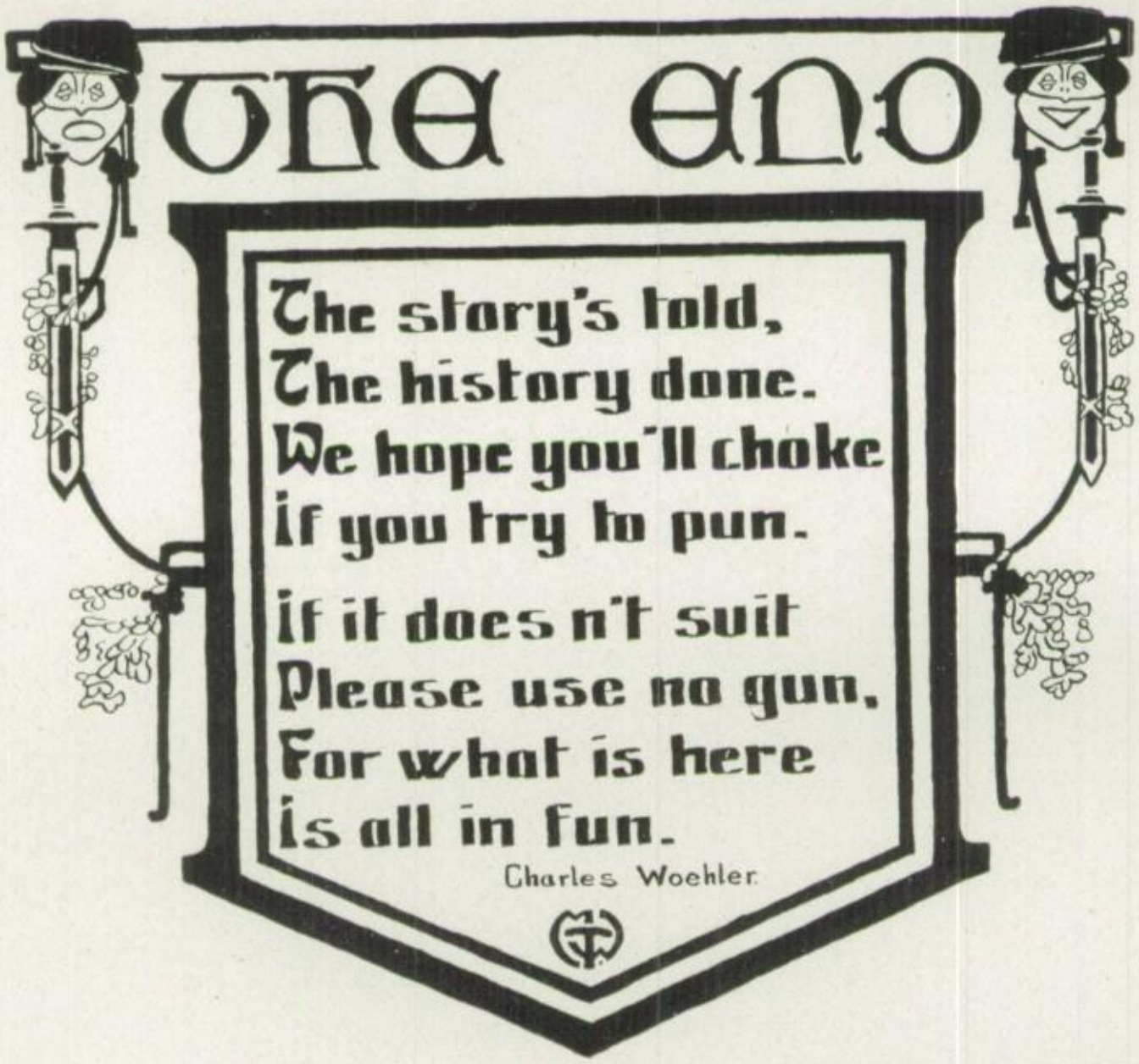
of the term. The sport editor and the business manager shared their lunches at recess. The transformation spread to the whole class. Every one began to smile and boost for the Annual. The M. E. thought that of all the unselfish, sweet tempered, and agreeable persons he had ever met, his advisory board had the best. The work went forward with a rush, lost time was made up for, and with the stimulus of the returned good humor, the first Senior Annual was carried through to completion.

The Juniors were amazed,—likewise converted, by the action of the Seniors, and when a year later, they became Seniors, it was their central idea to emulate the success of the Class which had gone before, and to publish the second of the series of Polaris, which should in all respects be equal to or better than the first.

Thus the spirit of the Dedication of 1910 has been carried out,—not to focus attention on the editors of the work, but to make the publication worthy of its Class, and worthy of being emulated by the Class which followed. To the Class of June '11, in this undertaking and in the broader activities of life, we remain with best wishes,

The June Class of 1910, and representing
the Alumnae of North High.

THE MANAGING EDITOR, 1910.



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